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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The whole essence of the Ulster question, rightly understood, is that it is infinitely above all Party considerations. It threatens a danger, tremendous and instant. This is why we want a settlement by consent, and we welcome every sign or suggestion, every genuine offer from a responsible quarter, of peace. This is why we welcomed the peace speech of Sir Edward Grey the other week and the very striking one of Mr. Churchill this week. We believe both speeches sprang from sincerity, and that Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, also with absolute sincerity, desire a settlement of the most dangerous question in our politics since the Revolution.

To wish intensely to settle this matter does not for a second imply that you are a bad Party man; it simply shows you are patriotic. It is not a sign that you are a wobbler or a weakling, or that you are for "caving in", showing the white feather, or the like. What it does show is that you hate the notion of civil war, which in a few weeks may maim the Empire for generations. We trust therefore that our readers will not for a moment misinterpret our attitude when we say we greatly desire that the earnest of peace, or at least the hope of peace, conveyed in Mr. Churchill's speech will not be thrust aside. We must carry on the Party fight with all vigour; but we must not carry it on against a settlement of this Ulster danger—that would not be good Party fighting but mad reckless folly.

It is not often that a peroration has results so immediate and important as Mr. Churchill's peroration in the House of Commons on Tuesday. It was the short peroration of a long speech; but it scotched the speech, and, if it did not scotch the debate, it gave to it a fresh and surprising turn. It should be read and read again: "To-day I believe most firmly", said Mr. Churchill, "that peace with honour is not beyond the reach of all. To-morrow it may be gone for ever. I am going to run some little risk on my own account by what I will now say. Why cannot the right hon.

and learned gentleman (Sir Edward Carson) say boldly, 'Give me the amendments to this Home Rule Bill which I ask for to safeguard the dignity and the interests of Protestant Ulster, and I in return will use all my influence and goodwill to make Ireland an integral unit in a federal system': If the right hon. gentleman used language of that kind in the spirit of sincerity which everybody will instantly credit from him, it would go far to transform the political situation".

Mr. Churchill's peroration turned a debate upon the military plot into a debate upon the chances of settlement. There was all through a curious contrast between the form of the debate and its purport. Every important speech took, necessarily, the same form. It began with the plot, but ended upon the note of peace. Speaker after speaker was forced to wrestle with a motion of censure—to wrestle with it, and to wrest it into a motion of peace. After lengthy dealings with the plot, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law turned with relief to phrases of conciliation and hope. The last words of these speakers were really the first and the prime words.

Mr. Balfour found in Mr. Churchill's peroration the "potency and promise of a settlement which would avoid this final and irreparable catastrophe of civil war". Mr. Churchill's words could only mean the total exclusion of Ulster without the time limit—or, at any rate, pending a federal scheme in which Ulster might agree to be included. This meets the principal demand of the Opposition; but Mr. Balfour was wise to insist that there is in no sense a party victory or advantage in Mr. Churchill's offer. For Unionists to abandon the Union under the compulsion of events and to avoid civil war is not a triumph, but a bitter necessity. Only higher considerations than party can make it acceptable. Mr. Balfour describes this consummation as "a mark of the failure of a life's work. It is the admission that causes for which I have most striven, which I have most earnestly sought to accomplish, are fated to break down". Every

Unionist who once hoped that the better government of Ireland would save Ireland for the Union is with Mr. Balfour to-day in feeling that Home Rule, in any form, with or without Ulster, is a national calamity.

But a sacrifice has now become necessary if civil war is to be avoided. Sir Edward Carson, with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, have therefore received Mr. Churchill's offer in a way that brings settlement within possible reach. Sir Edward Carson on Wednesday undertook to press in Ulster the acceptance of any proposal which clearly provided (1) that Ulster should be excluded, (2) that Ulster should later be brought into a federal scheme only if, in the meantime, the Irish Parliament in Dublin had won her friendship and confidence. If this be a correct interpretation of Mr. Churchill's offer, Sir Edward Carson is now a mediator.

Mr. Asquith closed the debate in a generous acknowledgment of the way in which Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson had responded. He had never listened to a "more touching and appealing avowal" than the concluding passage of Mr. Balfour's speech. Mr. Asquith took formal note of Sir Edward Carson's offer; warned the House that bargaining across the floor was not the best way to continue the work begun; and ended on a note of cautious hopefulness. The effective result of the whole debate from the moment Mr. Churchill gave it the fresh impetus of Tuesday was seen in Mr. Asquith's last words on the speech of Sir Edward Carson: "I think it was a speech which was intended to help and not hinder a settlement. That spirit we entirely reciprocate".

It is necessary now, reading backwards, to take note of the longer, but less important, parts of the speeches we have examined. Formally this was not a debate upon peace and settlement, but a debate upon the necessity for an enquiry into the conduct of the Government during the later weeks of March. This debate was opened on Tuesday in an able speech by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain's was the last speech on the "plot" before the character of the debate was changed by Mr. Churchill. His speech puts plainly on record a story which we are more willing than able to forget. We are this week turning from the plot and all it has entailed; but it is well to be clear as to what precisely it is we are turning from.

In the language of Mr. Balfour, a section of the Cabinet tried "a wicked and dangerous experiment" in Ulster. At once the Opposition demanded to know exactly what this "experiment" was, and at once the Government was detected offering explanations which ignored the facts or which failed to agree one with another. The "grand inquest of the nation" being unable and unqualified to come at the truth, a judicial enquiry was demanded and refused. The grounds on which this enquiry was asked have this week been put clearly before Parliament and the country in the speeches of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Bonar Law. Nothing which the Government has said in answer has shown that this enquiry is on merits less necessary than it was a week ago. Mr. Churchill did not counter Mr. Chamberlain's accusations. Indeed, he took a line which tacitly admitted that there really had been a plan to persuade Ulster by showing Ulster the King's uniform. He claimed, in fact, that the Government had a right to do the things they denied having tried to do. Mr. Asquith's careful explanations in answer to Mr. Bonar Law on the following day certainly did not clear up this affair. The charges stand where they stood before; and there they must in the meantime be left.

Naturally the Government in this debate made play with the events of Friday and Saturday of last week. Forty thousand rifles were put ashore from a "pirate" ship, and hurriedly distributed through Ulster in five

hundred motor-cars. The police and the coastguard were peacefully persuaded not to interfere. A railway station and the necessary public highways were occupied. Cordon were drawn, impassable except by sign and counter-sign. Wires were short-circuited. In a word, there was on Friday night an appreciable area of Ulster in which the laws no longer ran—where the King's peace was suspended. It is small wonder that Mr. Asquith turned back from his short holiday in the country. Here was a foretaste of that provisional government of Ulster which once was a joke with Radicals of the Back Bench.

But we must not exaggerate the importance of these events. The landing of these rifles last week was not different in kind from what has proceeded unchecked in Ulster for the last six months. It was more striking and on a larger scale; but it was merely what Ulster has long been doing and always publicly intended to do. It means neither more nor less than that Ulster is preparing for war—a fact which, though it has been repeated day by day for month after month, has not yet been fully grasped. Nothing is changed except that the position is clearer and the gravity of the struggle more measurable. No one can now regard the suppression of an organisation which carried through the plans of last week as a military undertaking to be lightly encountered. This was not the work of a few rioters; but of an army, disciplined and ready.

Mr. Speaker's rebuke to Mr. John Ward this week has come in good time. Mr. Ward is now a nuisance at Westminster. Since he made his notorious speech about the Army he has regarded himself as a fledgling leader of the party. We would not entirely rob him of the satisfaction he derives from the sound and effect of his own remarks, but there is a limit to the time and patience even of those tolerant people who like to see the hon. member enjoying himself. Perhaps Mr. Ward will in future occasionally agree to keep his seat, and leave the conduct of politics at Westminster in other hands. Other members may be less sure of themselves than Mr. Ward, but possibly they are more sure of the House.

The Plural Voting Bill was discussed once more in the House of Commons on Monday, but Mr. Harcourt, who takes a paternal interest in Radical jerrymandering, emptied the House. Ulster effectually killed whatever interest remained in the process of putting the Plural Voting Bill through the mangle of the Parliament Act. Mr. Harcourt frankly admitted that this was a Party Bill, designed to get as many Radicals into Parliament as may be. He brazenly left redistribution on one side, and made no reference to franchise reform.

The report of the House of Lords Committee on Lord Murray's transactions in Marconi and other shares, which was issued on Friday morning, is a more impartial document than the absurd majority report of the Marconi Committee in the House of Commons. It reviews the evidence at length, acquits Lord Murray of any stain upon his personal honour, but condemns his share transactions during the time he was Chief Whip. Indeed, it could hardly do otherwise, seeing that Lord Murray had himself already made a general admission of his culpability in his personal statement to the House of Lords.

The studiously moderate wording of the Committee's judgment is admirable. The judgment will be accepted as fair and reasonable, a censure on Lord Murray's propriety, but an acquittal of the worst that some had thought of him. There, so far as Lord Murray is concerned, the matter may rest. What is of more importance is that the Committee lays it down that such speculations should not be repeated in the future. It lays down a standard of public life which should never have been broken.

President Wilson's anxiety to avoid effective intervention in Mexico has this week decided him to accept the mediation of the South American republics between himself and Huerta. If, as President Wilson has always insisted, the quarrel of the American Government with Huerta is personal, this last move is decidedly a victory for Huerta. The American Government refused to recognise Huerta as a responsible ruler. That was the heart of the quarrel, and here President Wilson virtually surrenders. President Wilson has accepted mediation between himself and a public character whose responsibility, according to President Wilson, does not exist! He cannot say he refuses to recognise Huerta when he agrees to appear with him as one of the responsible parties to an international quarrel before the tribunal of a third party.

The inconsistency of this is a direct result of the weakness of President Wilson's attitude of hopeful expectancy. He has refused to acknowledge Huerta. This means, logically, that, so far as he is concerned, Mexico is without a ruler. Mexico, in fact, is in a state of anarchy. If this be so, it is President Wilson's duty to intervene on behalf of the waiting Powers. There is no middle way between effective intervention and a clear recognition of Huerta's government *de facto*. President Wilson's attempts to find a middle way are putting him in the absurd position of having to treat with a ruler who is no ruler, with a government which has no authority to speak.

The results, so far, of the French elections are not amazing. The Socialists have won a few seats at the expense of the Radical Socialists—that is the only measurable party change in the new Chamber. There will have to be some energetic lobbying before the exact complexion of the new majority is clear. It looks as though there will be another period of unstable cabinets and coalitions. For the foreign observer the important feature of this election is the firm stand in the country for the Three Years' Service Bill. The pacifists are finally beaten. France has splendidly risen to her military necessities. So keen is the temper of the electors that the Radical Socialists, in efforts to keep their popularity, have said no word against the military programme. Either they spoke in favour of three years' service, or they did not speak at all.

The reproach that the Capital which has the largest interests in Oriental countries possesses no adequate school of Oriental languages is at last in a fair way of being removed. Thanks to the efforts of the Departmental Committee appointed in 1906 to deal with the question, the fine site and buildings of the London Institution, in Finsbury Circus, have been acquired. The Government have promised £20,000 or £25,000 to cover the cost of the necessary alterations, besides an annual subsidy of £4,000, in addition to £1,250 from the Government of India. The London County Council, also, have promised their cordial support. It is hoped, naturally, that the City will contribute munificently towards the requisite endowment, and a meeting is to be held at the Mansion House on Wednesday next, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at which Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, and other representatives of the Government and the City will speak.

We may draw attention to the review of Mr. Phillips's book, "The Confederation of Europe", on another page of the SATURDAY REVIEW this week; for it is time justice was done to the great Lord Castlereagh. He has been abused by generations as a tyrant and a reactionary, but now at length scientific historians have begun to discover the real Lord Castlereagh. Some of us have long disbelieved the tradition against Castlereagh, and have pictured him as a true patriot full of high courage and resolve. Lord Brougham was fain to belittle him intellectually, but even Brougham could not deny a certain splendid English quality in his political opponent; and one has often read with pleasure and amusement his description of the great man at the close of a full-dress debate.

"He [Lord Castlereagh] was a bold and fearless man. . . . Nor can anyone have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig Opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountains, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and, presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white vest, and declared 'his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face'." A man, in short, outright, fearless and patriotic.

In the poverty of our knowledge concerning Shakespeare the smallest hard fact is a treasure. Dr. Charles William Wallace's discoveries, won by scholarship and painful labour and published in the "Times" this week, will be greedily seized by readers all over the English world. We cannot here follow Dr. Wallace in his minute researches after the site of the Globe playhouse; but only record that he has placed it to a yard, and that already, in the "Times", he has shown us a glimpse of Shakespeare, lodging in London with a Huguenot family and making peace for them in their private affairs. And there is yet more to follow.

In no season that we remember has the enthusiasm for the operas of Wagner been so plainly declared as in these last weeks at "Covent Garden". Of the sincerity of this enthusiasm no one can have the smallest doubt. Wagner made no concessions to comfort or fashion. He demanded that his audiences should dine early—he hardly cared whether they dined at all. He kept a firm hand upon them for hours together, requiring from them an attention rapt and perfect. To these demands the audiences at Covent Garden submit, as no merely fashionable audience would dream of submitting. The sincerity of all parts of the crowded houses Wagner is drawing to himself this season is undoubted. That there is a musical—an intellectually musical—public in London is to-day happily beyond question. The state of music in London is healthy and heartening as compared, for instance, with the state of the theatre. The best music draws and compels, whereas the best drama has a way of keeping people from the door.

This is true of all ranks and classes. People, comparatively poor, pay away large fractions of their weekly income to sit in the gallery from five o'clock to close upon midnight, with short intervals. These are the devout. They follow and understand everything. One imagines them freshly come from a well-thumbed score, read with the help of a not very excellent piano. But these devout are not the only enthusiasts. If there be anything at all in atmosphere, the atmosphere at Covent Garden this season is all that Wagner could desire.

The performances, too, are all that Wagner could desire. This does not imply that they are above criticism in detail, but it does imply that there is in all things a devoted care that the operas shall be performed with respect for the traditions Wagner himself began; that the singing shall be almost monotonously fine; that Herr Nikisch and Mr. Coates are interpreting Wagner's symphonic pages in a way that reveals even to the devout beauties unsuspected; and that the orchestra is thoroughly competent. The old necessity for Londoners to seek out Wagner in Bayreuth no longer rules. Wagner is in London to-day; and the London people are finding him.

Glasgow has just opened a loan exhibition of prints and etchings by the great masters of Europe. A show of such quality and range has not been organised for years. Scottish collectors have contributed the bulk and the best of the exhibits. As a result of this enterprise the Glasgow Gallery may establish a section for etchings and engravings. Our National Gallery, by the way, would be the richer for a drawings section.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

MR. CHURCHILL bids this week for peace in Ireland; and he has been finely answered by Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Churchill's offer is a recoil from the civil war which immediately threatened the settlement by consent we have always advocated. It is a solution by means of Federalism, and it deserves to be examined in a spirit of coolness and conciliation, without the least desire to indulge in party recrimination or retort.

It is, of course, a compromise, and it has all the strength and the weakness of every compromise: it will not give entire satisfaction to any party to the bargain, since no party will obtain all that it desires. But, since every party will have a hand in the shaping of the settlement, it will be binding on every party. It is true that no man and no party can bind the future, seeing that events beyond ourselves and circumstances beyond our vision may undo any human scheme. But the best way of securing an uncertain future, and of giving permanence to any piece of political craftsmanship, is to secure that all parties have a hand in its formation.

Settlement by consent is now seen to involve federalism, and federalism—familiar enough in the United States, the British Dominions, and Germany—is a novelty in the United Kingdom; and, as a novelty, is regarded by a conservative people with suspicion. Federalism is a name, and nothing else, to the great bulk of the people; even many politicians would be hard put to it to define what they understand by Federalism, and, as Mr. Asquith candidly admitted, the word has often been used inaccurately—it is constantly confused, for example, with Devolution—during the discussions, public and private, of the last few weeks. That, however, does not matter much, according to the Prime Minister, so long as we all mean the same thing by Federalism. But we are by no means sure that we all do mean the same thing, and this divergence may become troublesome, although not necessarily critical, at a later stage of the negotiations. Broadly, however, there appears at present no fundamental divergence. Federalism is a convenient solution of our present difficulties, and that is what seems to make it at once inevitable and unpalatable. It is a way out from civil war, and therefore inevitable in a country which has not lost its political sanity; it is not necessarily a way in to a better political synthesis. The Unionist who holds that the legislative Union of 1801 is the best type of government for these islands cannot welcome Federalism, since in his view it will weaken, although it will not destroy, the Union. The Radical who believes in the present Home Rule Bill as it stands will not welcome Federalism, since the Bill is not a federal Bill, was not drafted with a federal intent, and will therefore have to be changed in many details if Ireland is to become a federal unit in a federalised Union. The Nationalist who has looked on the Bill as the very minimum of justice to Ireland will not relish the compromise which will force him to give up something of the minimum for which he has contended. Even the Labour Party—not a very serious factor, it must be admitted, in this matter—may well remember with foreboding that the Labour Party in Australia has declared against Federalism as an insuperable barrier to industrial legislation, and has adopted the saying of a great Liberal historian that Federalism is an enemy of democracy. Nevertheless Federalism appears inevitable, because the alternative is civil war.

Mr. Churchill's offer and Sir Edward Carson's acceptance therefore stand, in spite of Mr. Asquith's gloss upon it, which has been accepted by some of the militant Radicals as a snub to his lieutenant, and by some Unionists—wrongly, we think—as a trick similar to that "debt of honour" which "brooked no delay". We take it that the exclusion of Ulster, or a part of Ulster, will be provided for in the Bill, and that instead of the time-limit of six years, which was the original offer of the Government, exclusion will be extended

until such time as the Imperial Parliament directs, or until a federal system, or Home Rule All Round—the definition is of only academic importance—is agreed upon. Presumably the provisions for a separate Irish Post Office and Customs will also be deleted. There is good evidence already that the Government are prepared to give up the former; the latter is notoriously inconsistent with any general federal scheme, and must therefore be abandoned. Customs must remain a matter for the Imperial Parliament, and Liberals who look upon the preservation of Free Trade as the salvation of this country will not be sorry to see the end of all possibility of a hostile tariff in Ireland.

Beyond these modifications in the Bill—to which we imagine the Nationalists will grudgingly consent, lest they are carried above their heads by the two great parties—lies the question of the general constitutional revision implied by the federalising of the United Kingdom. That is a difficult and almost unknown political territory, but before politicians start on its exploration they will agree on certain fundamental propositions. Federalising our institutions means the setting up of subordinate Parliaments, not only for Ireland, but for Wales, Scotland, and England. And if, as Mr. Churchill lays down, Ireland is to be a single federal unit including Ulster, and not four federal States of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, then Scotland and England will equally have to be single federal units. No Englishman, we are persuaded, will agree to the splitting up of his own country; we do not want a litter of Parliaments, an East Anglian Legislature, a Yorkshire House of Assembly, a Senate and Legislature for Rutland or Huntingdon. England need not imitate the West Indies, where each small island has its Constitution and representatives are almost as many as the people they represent. England has been a single political unit for a thousand years, and such she must remain. To the objection, already faintly heard in some quarters, that England would be too powerful a federal unit for the three remaining units, we would reply that it is the misfortune of the others, not the fault of England, that she is more powerful than the countries which surround her. They may build themselves to her level if they will; she must not be cut down for their convenience. If Federalism means a vivisection of England, we are confident that Englishmen will not accept it.

Beyond the other evils of too large a multiplication of Parliaments—among which must be included an inevitable deterioration in the personality of the politicians elected to them—must be added a diminution of their powers. There may be room for four subordinate Parliaments in the United Kingdom, each endowed with considerable powers and separate Statehood; there is not room for two dozen. At best they would be superior County Councils; at worst they would be inferior Boards of Guardians. The British Islands are, after all, small islands, not half a continent. The powers of the subordinate Parliaments would very largely depend on their number. A Scottish Legislature would obviously be endowed with more power than any conceivable Legislative Assembly of Kinross or local House of Commons for Clackmannan. But whether those local powers are inclusive of all that the Central Legislature does not specifically retain, as in the United States and Australia, or limited and defined, as in the Dominion of Canada and the Union of South Africa, is a matter for argument. For our part, we should prefer a federal scheme which approximated to something between the South African and the Canadian model, which limited the powers of the subordinate Parliaments and placed no limit on the powers of the Imperial Parliament.

Allied with this question of the reconstruction of part of our Constitution is that of redistribution of seats in the Imperial House of Commons—which might well have its numbers considerably reduced—and the reform of the House of Lords. If revision is to be undertaken at all, let it be thorough, complete, and, so far as we can make it, permanent.

THE ULSTER DEBATE.

THE conclusion of the Ulster debate on Wednesday was worthy of the best traditions of the House of Commons. Recognising the national peril, the leading men on both sides rose to the country's need. The claims of party were subordinated to the interests of the Empire. The most acrimonious debate of the session resulted in a nearer approach to a settlement than has yet been possible. Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith in turn maintained the traditions of responsibility and statesmanship which is expected from our political leaders.

The complete change in the political situation seems at first sight an inexplicable paradox. A motion of censure by the Opposition on the Ministerial plot, coupled with violent attacks by the Government on the Ulster gun-running, resulted in the almost unanimous desire for conciliation. From a party point of view the effectiveness of the Opposition attack was diminished by the Ulster gun-running. Ministers naturally hailed the opportunity to confuse the issue. What, then, is the reason of the complete change of tone in the House of Commons on Wednesday? The explanation is simple and startling. For the first time in the Home Rule controversy the reality and immediate imminence of civil war was appreciated by everyone in the House of Commons.

The extraordinary thoroughness and skill displayed in the gun-running operations demonstrated the error of judgment of those who refused to recognise the Ulster Volunteers as a formidable fighting force. Apart from the difficulty of carrying out such a scheme with complete secrecy, the unloading and distribution of so large a number of arms in six hours would do credit to any general staff. The co-ordination of detail and the absence of blunders was hallmark of efficiency. Good organisation is the essence of successful military operations. The completeness of the gun-running scheme and the determination of the men engaged in it put beyond doubt the extreme measures which would be necessary to enforce Home Rule in Ulster. The sense of responsibility in the House of Commons was aroused. It was no longer a question of party politics. It became a national emergency. In this Cabinet, as in every other, partisanship is tempered by statesmanship—at times dormant, but bound to emerge in a crisis. The gun-running scheme has convinced the Liberal Party that Ulster is in earnest, that they have to deal with the resolute determination of a free people. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill, recognising the gravity of the situation, have acted as statesmen. Let it not be thought that we write with any suggestion of party triumph. If the Home Rule Bill becomes law the sacrifice of the Unionist Party will be no less than that of the Government. We recognise that all responsible men in both great parties at this crisis are actuated by the one desire to avoid civil war. The few extremists among the Radicals who "see red"—among them Sir William Byles—protest against condoning illegality. They have no sense of perspective. We have no sympathy with those who try to establish that the gun-running at Larne was not illegal. Whether the proclamation prohibiting gun-running be valid or not, no lawyer will deny that all the Volunteers engaged were guilty of unlawful assembly—the meeting together of a number of persons for the purpose of doing acts likely to cause a breach of the peace. Other offences against the law there probably were; but the offence of unlawful assembly is sufficient to mark the illegality of the proceedings. Sir Edward Carson himself would be the first to admit it. But when a whole province threatens rebellion the legality of individual acts is no test of conduct. Those who clamour for the vindication of the law forget that all law rests upon force. The complete vindication of the law would mean the suppression of the Ulster Volunteer Force. Civil war would be the immediate consequence. The Government could suppress Ulster by employing the forces at the

disposal of the Crown. Statesmanship forbids so disastrous a course. Both sides recognise the emergency. On both sides the desire is paramount to place the interests of the nation above any question of party gain.

Of the plot to overwhelm Ulster it is sufficient to say that the accusations against the Government were amply justified by the debate. The charges are unanswered. The lame explanations of Ministers will not stand against the masterly analysis of events in the "Times" on Monday. The detailed attack by Mr. Chamberlain was ignored by Mr. Churchill. Colonel Seely and Mr. Asquith indeed admitted that the Government had had under consideration the possibility of wider operations than the protection of stores at Armagh, Enniskillen, Omagh, and Carrickfergus. In Mr. Asquith's words, "They had conferred as to what steps in certain contingencies it might or might not be advisable to take". But the gravamen of the charge has been that certain Ministers were determined to provoke Ulster in such a way that those contingencies must arise. Had there been nothing to conceal, the Government would have made complete disclosure from the beginning. Their reputation has been severely damaged by the tedious process of extracting information. To put the matter in the most favourable light, Mr. Asquith has erred through excessive loyalty to his colleagues. The Government refuse an enquiry. Judged in their own cause they have obtained a verdict in favour of themselves through their party majority in the House of Commons. They refused to disclose the real instructions to General Paget or the contents of the three speeches made by General Paget to his officers, thus withholding the evidence on which the accusation against them rests.

We do not believe that when the plot was planned the Ministers engaged in it had any conception either of the earnestness of Ulster's intention or of the completeness of her organisation. It must be remembered that the greatest defect of the Government in the Home Rule crisis has been their incapacity to obtain accurate intelligence on opinion and events in Ireland. Throughout their information has been largely obtained from Nationalist sources. It has been coloured, in consequence. It is incredible that any Ministers would engage in a scheme knowing that it must produce civil war. It is only possible to assume that the plan of massing 25,000 troops and collecting ships round Ulster was devised under the conviction that the determination of Ulster would be unequal to the strain—that her organisation would succumb in panic—that she would surrender without fighting. Viewed even in that light the conduct of Ministers is a grave reproach to their reputation for honest dealing. So far as Parliamentary discussion goes the incident is closed. The whole story of the plot will not be known till present events are a matter of history. The facts remain and are a regrettable page in the history of British statesmanship.

For the rest, the fate of the Home Rule Bill depends on the Nationalist Party. Their attitude has been consistently hostile to any further concession. It will probably be necessary for Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin to take counsel with their followers in Ireland before any decision is made. For the first time they are faced with the necessity of conceding Ulster's just demands or losing Home Rule altogether.

HYPOCRITES AND THE PUBLIC PURSE.

WE touched last week on the loud protests of some Radical and Labour Members against ex-Ministers—such as the late Lord Cross—drawing pensions from the public purse: and the speech of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord George Hamilton's letter in the "Times" of Tuesday relate to the same matter. The more one views those Radical and Labour protests, the more they repel one. These Radical and Labour Members are doing, openly and without a blush, the very thing which with such heat and rancour they

profess to be deeply shocked at in others! Their precept is utterly contrary to their practice: and, in public and in private life alike, there is nothing that more stirs the bile of honest men than the spectacle—the entirely odious spectacle—of the preacher committing lecherously the very sins which he deplores in others. These Radicals, self-righteous to the finger-tips, profess to be shocked—ah! so grievously shocked—at the notion of the late Lord Cross, and of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord George Hamilton, drawing money from the public purse! Whilst all the time they are helping themselves to four hundred a year apiece out of the public purse without the leave of the owners thereof—for by no stretch of imagination can they persuade even themselves that the electors of this country have declared in favour or are in favour of payment of members.

Any politician has, of course, a perfect right to argue this case of pensions to ex-Ministers. But to do so it is absolutely imperative that he should, first of all, purge himself completely. He must go into court with clean hands. The English people is said to be phlegmatic in politics now; and some people despondently declare that it has become quite indifferent as to what happens or as to what men do in public life. But whatever its phlegm in politics, it will not long forgive the vice of hypocrisy in its public men. Hypocrisy, gross hypocrisy, is professing to believe in one thing and then proceeding to do the exact opposite. It is, perhaps, the one offence which men with the least regard for candour, the least understanding of what honesty is, will never pardon; and men are supremely right not to pardon it, for it is not only a very disgusting, it is also a highly dangerous offence.

There is no sounder, simpler, surer rule in life, public life and private, than this—that a man must practise what he preaches: else he proves himself an imposter and a canting hypocrite. It is a rule of life whose language and whose logic are supremely plain and unassailable. It is true as the root principles of mathematics.

A man is not dishonest necessarily because he does not do that which he believes; far from it; indeed, we all must recognise that not even the best of men can live up to their ideals. No; the cant, the dishonesty, the nauseous evil, come in only with the *preaching*; come in with the sermon or *profession*. And the louder, the more observed and more frequent the preaching or profession, the more revolting and disgraceful is the action of the preacher or professor in not acting up to his sermon.

We spoke some months ago of successful and observed Socialists who preach with immense eloquence against the horrible wickedness and inhumanity of Commercialism and stark competition or Individualism, whilst all the time they are hard at work working these very systems to their own advantage in hard coin and fame. Two or three Socialists wrote angry protests against their friends and heroes being thus criticised; whilst one of our correspondents—ordinarily a most interesting and intellectual correspondent—appeared to think it positively irreverent for any preacher to-day to practise his profession. He insisted that only One preacher had ever done that!

But no one can be deceived by such flimsy and contemptible excuses as are made by or for men who practise the deadly sin they preach against. Those are the excuses of hypocrisy: they are excuses made for whitened sepulchres. It is impossible to justify cant; and it will never be popularised whatever other crimes in the world are popularised. It will always be found out in the end; it will always be loathed. Hence Socialists will be well advised not to preach against Commercialism and Competition whilst they are hard at work exploiting these systems to their own profit; and Radical and Labour Members will be well advised not to be eloquent about the wickedness of ex-Ministers drawing pensions from the public purse whilst they are comfortably helping themselves without leave to four hundred a year from the same source.

PLANTAGENET DEMOCRACY.

SOME men are only serious in their jests. That is largely true of Mr. Harcourt. He can employ the Front Bench manner; but he is not thoroughly happy as a responsible politician. He hates and avoids responsibility; and becomes only precise where he should be weighty. But the moment he permits himself a joke the natural man is revealed. For that reason Mr. Harcourt should joke less frequently. Light humour of his kind is a dangerous gift for a servant of democracy. He should be warned by the fate of his father. The late Sir William Harcourt would certainly have directed a Radical Cabinet but for his tendency to see something laughable in British Nonconformity. The Chadbands and Stigginses never wholly believed in him. Things said at Malwood reached the City Temple; Sir William was suspected of being a vessel of wrath, or at best a careless Gallio; and with the elect he suffered as much harm from the quickness of his tongue as Lord Rosebery did from the speed of his racehorses.

The danger to Mr. Lewis Harcourt's career does not lie in that direction. He can sneer at Nonconformity much as he likes. The Nonconformist conscience has largely given up business in the twentieth century. But Mr. Harcourt should guard against indulging his Plantagenet contempt for the people or any part of the people. That is decidedly perilous. He may joke with the very best intention. He may have the purest ambition to become the complete Joe Miller of democracy. But the truth is sure to out in his jests, just as it does in other men's affidavits; and the truth, of course, is that Mr. Harcourt has to the full the old Whig contempt for everything outside a very narrow circle. Take, for example, his facetious little reference to Mr. Henry Chaplin's connection with the Wimbledon Division. To ordinary people there is nothing ridiculous about Wimbledon, certainly nothing ridiculous about Mr. Chaplin, and nothing ridiculous in the association of the two. Mr. Harcourt, on the other hand, thinks there is. He sees incongruity in the fact that Mr. Chaplin, the type and symbol of English squiredom, sits for a suburban constituency. Is it not absurd that Mr. Chaplin should represent the Suburban Nut? Is it not laughable that the Nestor of Protection, the veteran sportsman, the embodiment of everything associated with English country life, should be in Parliament by virtue of the suffrages of people who spend their lives "going up to London with a halfpenny illustrated paper every morning and coming back with the supper fish in the evening"? That is Mr. Harcourt's Plantagenet estimate of the electors of Wimbledon. It is a pity, perhaps, that he leaves the picture a little confused and incomplete. Are the electors of Wimbledon divided into two distinct classes—the Suburban Nuts and the Suburban Ichthyophagi? Or are the Nuts included in the ranks of those who return each evening to Wimbledon laden with the spoils of Billingsgate? That seems hardly possible. The Nut—suburban or otherwise—has never been studied with that cold, scientific precision the anthropologists of to-day, careless of the marvels around them, devote to distant and savage races. But he is generally supposed to be a person with a taste for queer hats, for vivid neckties, for decorative socks changing in hue with the seasons. This, with an extremely limited vocabulary, in which the obscure expressions "top hole" and "old bird" figure prominently, is the distinguishing badge of the tribe. The Nut who carries a basket of fish seems a creature purely fabulous. A sociological Owen or Huxley would declare him, indeed, not merely non-existent, but impossible. It must therefore be assumed that the Nuts form one part of the Wimbledon electorate and the fish-eaters the other. Wimbledon itself will no doubt repel the monstrous insinuation with some show of temper. It is a suburb proud of its polish; Hampstead itself cherishes no higher conception of social correctness; and supper—especially a supper of fish bought *ad hoc* by the master of the house—is an institution unknown in the stately homes that fringe one of

the most wonderful open spaces near London. Mr. Harcourt could hardly illustrate more vividly his patrician aloofness from fact than by this astonishing description of the conditions prevailing in Mr. Chaplin's constituency.

The matter would not be worth talking about if it did not touch one of the chief weaknesses of the Radical party. It contains clever men enough; and it contains men who know a great deal about certain things and certain kinds of life. But it is eminently a party of water-tight compartments; and, naturally enough, it conceives of the country as a thing of watertight compartments, too. It thinks habitually in terms of class; and so—as in the case of the Insurance Act—falls into errors gross enough in dealing with a world where there are no classes, but many millions of individuals. It would be interesting to inquire whether this attitude of mind is induced by Liberalism, or whether men temperamentally inclined to exclusiveness gravitate naturally to Liberalism. Whatever the fact, it is certain that Radicals suffer from a disability to comprehend any point of view but their own, and that one kind of Radical understands another kind of Radical just as little as he understands a Conservative. Radicals are never tired of talking as if they alone know anything about "the people". Yet "the people" steadily refuse to endorse this singular claim. It is notorious that as a general rule a Liberal landowner fails to "get on" with his tenants and labourers so well as the Tory. He may have excellent intentions, but he fails to understand those he has to deal with. Thus it is that a Liberal magnate belauded by the Radical Press as the father of his people will be found, on investigation, to be extremely unpopular; while some Tory tyrant and oppressor, accused of riveting the shackles of feudalism on a trembling peasantry, turns out to be the idol of the countryside. It would be too much to expect Mr. Harcourt, for example, to be really brotherly with his cotton-spinning constituents in Lancashire, any more than with the Nuts of Wimbledon. There are some things, as Lord Dundreary said, that a fellow can't do, and it is out of the question to imagine Mr. Harcourt truly enjoying himself with a party of operatives on their annual trip to the Isle of Man. But it is quite possible for a great landowner to know all about country life, to identify himself with country people, to win their affection as well as their respect, to be what he was intended to be—leader, inspirer, king on a small scale. There are hundreds of such men on one political side. Why are there so few on the other? Simply, we believe, on account of this Radical narrowness and exclusiveness, which takes one form with Mr. Harcourt, another with Mr. Lloyd George, another with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and another with Mr. McKenna.

Mr. Harcourt belongs to the same class as Mr. Chaplin. The difference between them is just this. Mr. Chaplin looks on a Sleaford man and a Wimbledon man as equally an Englishman. Mr. Harcourt—the real Mr. Harcourt who jokes, that is, and not the sham Mr. Harcourt who professes great interest in the "working classes"—sees something absurd in people whose habits are neither those of a Western London street nor of a big country house. They are not normal Englishmen at all, but only ridiculous people who ape the true patrician, or vulgar people who carry home fish for their suppers. Such wretches may, of course, be flattered and cajoled at election times, and their babies (first carefully washed) may be patted on the head in the Eatanswill manner; but if they happen to be inveterate Conservatives then they may be made the subject of a safe sneer. Perhaps not so safe, however, after all. For though Wimbledon may be comparatively guiltless of the indiscretion of fish suppers, there are plenty of working-class constituencies where fish suppers are an accepted institution, and where people may be more sensitive on the subject. Does Mr. Lloyd George appreciate this particular form of humour? His "democracy" is no less unreal than the Plantagenet brand; but he loves to pose as a scorner of artificial distinctions, and it might be inferred from some of his speeches that he is in the habit of carrying about his dinner wrapped in a red-spotted pocket-

handkerchief. Mr. Harcourt has already done the Chancellor of the Exchequer several bad turns. His unabashed enthusiasm for the pheasant may have done incalculable harm to the great campaign against the shackles of feudalism. It is too bad that, by a thoughtless jest, he should give an opportunity to the impious of throwing doubt on that sincere love and admiration for "the people" which, we are told, inspires every member of the Coalition, from Lord Crewe to Mr. John Ward, and from Sir Alfred Mond to Mr. Will Crooks.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE MUNICH HOUR.

BY HUGH WALPOLE.

IN Munich there is, beneath the trees of the square that faces the Park Restaurant, a little green chair; this little chair I have come to look upon as my own especial property. I realise that I have my right to it during one half-hour of the day only, from half-past two to three in the afternoon; but if, during that time, a stranger negligently takes my place, on my arrival I regard him with the fiercest hostility.

It is probable, however, that before he has seated himself, he will be informed, by Herr Kront perhaps, or by my musical friend Felix, or perchance by Julius himself, that the seat is "reserviert", and that the "Herr" to whom it rightly belongs at this hour of the day will, very shortly, be coming round the corner—it is quite certain that, if my friends are there, the stranger (in all probability an American) will be forced to retire. But should the stranger arrive first there is no help for it. The Town Council of Munich will not, I am afraid, allow me to place there a little white tablet with my name and address upon it; there have, therefore, been days when I have thus suffered this melancholy expulsion.

I am a creature of habit, and I always lunch at the Park Restaurant, partly because Fritz, the head waiter there, is a friend of mine, and is, indeed, my landlord, and partly because "Kalbscotelette" is cooked there as it is cooked nowhere else in Munich. Having lunched divinely, then, what more natural than that I should cross the street and slip, easily, happily, slothfully, into that little green seat that has kept its urbane inviting eye upon me throughout my meal?

This is the hour, this two o'clock, when Munich slips from its shoulders the heavy German mantle that it has been wearing all day and is transformed into the most beautiful of Italian cities. Behind me, on the left, the great white fountain is splashing and tumbling to the most sleepy of rhythms. The little shops that face me, above and below the Park Restaurant, have doorways that only show you the coolest and darkest of interiors. There is a shop of brass and silver ware, a shop of foreign carpets and hangings—red and blue and green—a fruit shop with golden fruit rising in pyramids against the black depths beyond; there is also, of course, a picture shop with Madonnas and Saints and copies of the Dürers that are to be seen in the Pina Kathak, and some of those cheap German colour-prints that may be found every week in the pages of "Simplicissimus". At the corner in the distance there is a bookshop with pictures of Wagner and Liszt and the latest novel by Ompteda and Von Keyserling, the latest philosophy from Ellen Key, and, in all probability, several translations of works by Mr. H. G. Wells. There is no one now moving in and out of these doors. The white walls burn in the hot sun, the black interiors gape, and in the windows above the shop blinds and shutters have been drawn.

On the other side, to my left, is a low red-brown wall, and behind it a garden of which I can, from my seat, see only green and nodding trees. Behind this garden is a high white house with carving upon the walls and green lattices before the windows. I know that in this garden there is a fountain, an old

satyr of grey stone with a broken nose. I know because once, as I passed, the little black door in the brown wall opened and a sombre priest came out, and behind him, before the door was closed, I saw the satyr. Now, with the rest of the street, this high house is sleeping, but I know that in the heart of the green trees, behind the wall, the little fountain is lazily flashing its waters upon the air.

This is all that I can see from my green chair. In the Park Restaurant itself many people are still enjoying their divine "Kalbscotelette", and, indeed, I believe that it would be quite impossible to pass at any moment during the day when there would not be many persons eating them. But even here a sense of slumber is upon the place, so that Fritz, with his plates piled high, moves like a somnambulist, and the stout lady in green velvet, who is there every day, has her fork suspended in mid-air whilst she gazes with dreamy, pondering eyes upon the air and the trees and the tumbling fountain.

The only signs of stirring life are the bright blue trams that hum past me and round the corner. These are surely the most genial "gemütlich" trams in Europe, with their light blue paint, their beaming travellers, and the singing noise that they make as they pass—something that sounds as though they were trying to remember the "Preislied" and would have it in a moment if you would only be patient with them. Even these trams, during this half-hour, seem to have softened their note and one can almost fancy that it is slumber that makes them whiz, so securely and yet so sleepily, round the corner.

Otherwise there is silence. This is the only moment in the Munich day when you may stand and listen and hear no laughter. Always, in whatever part of the city you may be, at other times, if you listen you will hear someone laughing; not noisy, strident, assertive laughter, but rather something that, coming naturally and freely, expresses the universal sense of happiness—there are fools in Munich, but no pessimists.

To my left, in front of me, there is a kiosk that reminds me that, at three o'clock, the world begins again. You may go, these notices that cover the kiosk say, to any kind of place and be most agreeably entertained. You may go to Tannhäuser Strasse and see the Modern Pictures, or there is sculpture in the Glass Palace, or there are bands and beer and singing in the Künstler Park, or, on this hot afternoon, there are the delights of the Hungerner Bad, the most wonderful open-air bath in Europe, with its grottoes and gardens and music. At half-past four begins the "Meistersinger" at the great Prinz Regenten Theatre, and this evening you may choose between "Anatol" and Offenbach's "Schöne Helene", between "Glaube und Heimat" and "John Gabriel Borkman", between the easy delights of "Die Puppe" and our old friend the "Fledermaus".

I wink lazily at the kiosk. Later I may have something to say to it, but now I reject all energy. Meanwhile sleep gains upon me—the sky is a hard, relentless blue, and it looks, through the green trees above me, as though some collection of precious china had been smashed into the most delightful atoms. The white marble of the fountain hurts the eye, the blue trams are disturbing. Sleep is stealthily advancing through the trees.

I am aware also, through half-closed eyes, that Herr Kront and Felix and the delightful Julius have all arrived and have slipped into their seats and will say no word until three has struck. Herr Kront is short and thin and dressed in rusty black, and he is most certainly wearing an ancient green Tyrolean hat with a feather in it. I can only now, from my seat, observe his large flat boots.

Felix has long black hair and he loves white waist-coats and his tie will already have climbed up above the back of his collar. He is a young man who has even now composed very excellent music and he will certainly be heard of one day, but at present his one desire is to be beautifully clothed, and this ambition

the Fates and his purse and his careless habits will deny him to the end of time. Lastly, there is dear, fat Julius, with the golden beard, mild blue eyes, and emotions that are perpetually too much for him. I can see, through my half-closed eyes, that Julius is bursting with some discovery. He moves, he rubs his hands together, he tugs at his beard, but he would die sooner than break the rule. He gazes desperately at the clock and looks at me to see whether I am really sleeping.

The rhythm of the fountain has become the "Frau Sonne" of the Rhine Daughters—the trees and the trams are miraculously chanting the Fire Music . . . I am in Paradise.

Suddenly the clocks are striking three. People are hurrying across the street. A woman has drawn up her blind and is laughing down to some friend below. "I have observed, Herr Doktor . . .", begins Julius, with his finger in the air.

THE VIEUX-COLOMBIER PLAYERS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

WHILE Miss Marie O'Neill and Mr. Fay interpret Synge and Shaw for a delighted and by no means unprepared audience at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, the comedians-in-ordinary of this theatre are in London, and I feel it my duty to introduce them to you. Their history is like a tale out of a book.

Once upon a time there was a young man, the scion of a wealthy family, who made up his mind that he would do something better than spend or make money. So he founded a review—another review—and this bold enterprise placed him at once, as it seemed, on the high road to making no money. Yet this young man had nothing in common with the uninteresting rich young man who tackles art or literature because he thinks the attempt an exceptionally absurd freak: he loved a novel, a poem, or an article because they corresponded to a certain idea of a good novel, a good poem, or a good article which he had formed for himself; and lo! this resulted in unexpected effects. The "Nouvelle Revue Française" was not only a readable magazine—no mean praise—it was a successful one.

An editor seldom gets what he wants, but when he knows what he wants he is in a fair position to refuse what he does not want, and this is a great beginning of excellence. M. Jacques Copeau wanted masterpieces, of course—at least one masterpiece in each issue—and this he never got. (Let me grieve several people by saying modestly that I do not look upon even André Gide's books as masterpieces: they are good books.) But M. Jacques Copeau spent money to keep banal things out of his review, and this paid. When you read "La Nouvelle Revue Française" you are surprised to meet with writer after writer having something to say, and the manly manner of saying it which generally comes with the sensation that one has not said it or heard it said a hundred times before—a great contrast to the "Figaro". So the review made its mark, and M. Jacques Copeau became a personage and almost a character.

Most people who prefer to speak of literature as an art are people who like artists better than mere literary men. An artist is a fascinating creature with wonderful and delightful ignorances and every now and then unexpected stores of human erudition. A literary man is nine times in ten—nay, forty-nine times in fifty—a poor devil who carries on a trade he loathes, and which only vanity and the slowly acquired unconsciousness of acting a part, make endurable. So the man with more taste for real art than for mere literary counterfeits has an inclination for that in literature which is most like art, and sooner or later is allured by the stage. But here, again, there are deep differences and violent oppositions of shades. The theatre in Paris is mostly in the hands of Jews (no offence to Sarah Bernhardt and Guitry), who view it as a gold mine in which the wise win where the fools will lose; and what a shock to the sensibilities of a man in communion with poor painters and solitary sculptors! What is the sordid-

ness and corruption of theatrical *milieus*; what is the cold-hearted *métier* of the professional boulevard playwright; what is the claptrap of the professional scenery painter to a young man who loves plays because they are nearest life, and who would love acting because it teaches a man more about the masterpieces than years of study by lamplight? What is there in common between concealed puppets and a somewhat anxious moralist to whom art is above all a means of refreshing his sensibility?

So M. Jacques Copeau conceived the design of founding his own theatre, which would be a sort of temple, and in which he would worship his own deity, with no vulgar admixture of Jewish materialism, and on the contrary a subdued and chaste fervour which occasionally has a reflection of Genevan piety over it.

But an editor cannot become a theatre manager and an actor at a week's notice. M. Jacques Copeau knew he had to learn. So at Easter of last year he and his friends left Paris and settled in one of those villages of Seine-et-Marne which seem more quiet and lost than many a hamlet in the mountains of Auvergne. They had with them an actor, M. Dullin, who, almost unknown a year before, had burst into fame as an astonishingly sincere interpreter of the "Brothers Karamazof." With the professional experience of M. Dullin and of a few others, with his own ideal, and the enthusiasm of all his company, M. Copeau worked day after day, unremittingly, methodically and scientifically, practising gymnastics, to learn how to breathe, reading out loud for two hours every morning to enter into the spirit of his plays, and rehearsing all the afternoon under the trees so as to have a sufficient *répertoire* against the next winter. A glorious time those young people must have had in their farm or long-deserted country-house! Nobody quarrelled, nobody ran away; everybody breathed, read and learned so faithfully, submissively and energetically that in October the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier was actually opened, and had its bills all over Paris, and attracted audiences, and was written about in every newspaper.

There it stands, the little theatre, in the rue du Vieux-Colombier; and how fortunate that it should be in an old street with an old name close to the oldest cross-roads in Paris, and not a stone's throw further in the brand-new Boulevard Raspail! There is a great deal in a name. Its façade is eloquent, but austere and rather reproving. It blames you for not remembering that you are in an historical spot, for looking at the ugly Bon Marché and uglier Hotel Lutetia. If you go in you will find yourself in a long, an endlessly long sort of lobby, where it is intended that you should have time to get apprenticed to true art. There are Manet and Gauguin, and religious pictures by anonymous old masters, and a Francis Jourdain, which I am afraid is a gift of the author; all, except the Jourdain, are photographs, for our friends are poor. Being poor and being artists, they also have made their room severe, their scenes wonderfully reticent—that they may be deeply suggestive—their light just right. You feel that you come here to listen, not to look round and be amused. Being poor and being artists, M. Jacques Copeau and his company could only have chosen a quarter in which rents would not be impossible, and where the audience would be worth while: students, artists, the literary people who swarm in the Quartier Saint Sulpice. But this means that the same audience has to be attracted all the time, and how can that be done except by changing the posters almost every night? So three times a week M. Jacques Copeau gives us something fresh, and can look down from the heights of his artistic conscientiousness on the money-making dramatic shops which people still call theatres in the brilliant silly quarters, and where living phonographs repeat the same soulless words throughout a season.

You ask what sort of a success M. Jacques Copeau has obtained during the first six months of his theatrical life? Well, everybody speaks of him, and nobody in this histrionic city is so much talked about, certainly, nor more respectfully and sympathetically. This goes farther than the ordinary *succès d'estime*.

In fact, the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier is successful; it makes friends, but it makes money. Twice, sometimes three times a week, M. Copeau treats us to Molière, acted with archæological accuracy but not at all in the antiquarian's spirit; and Molière is a popular writer. So is Musset, who often appears, too; and so is Shakespeare, and so are all the other old authors, including the farcical playwrights of the fifteenth century whom M. Copeau affects very much. When contemporary writers are on the stage success is not quite so certain. What the audience at the Vieux-Colombier seems to like are realistic provincial plays, the realism of which can be tolerated very far so long as it does not appear to be a literary process. What it does not like are abstruse poems which may call themselves dramatic but are certainly not dramas, and consequently ought not to be on any stage. So if you hear that M. Paul Claudel is gaining ground in Paris, do not imagine that he owes this success to that of his early attempts as performed at the Vieux-Colombier. As to the rest, you will see for yourselves.

BRER RABBIT AND MY LADY'S DRESS.

BY JOHN PALMER.

IT is characteristic of our theatre that plays expressly intended for children are usually better fun and better sense than plays intended for elderly people. At the Little Theatre this week matinées have concluded of "Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox". In the evening, however, there was a real play. The difference between 3 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. was that "Brer Rabbit" was for children and that the real play was childish. Of the real play it is unnecessary to speak. Of "Brer Rabbit" I would speak interminably if I had the least suspicion that Uncle Remus was not too well known to need the advertisement. Mrs. Percy Dearmer has cleverly arranged the more tractable adventures of the people of Uncle Remus; and Mr. Martin Shaw has looked after the tunes. These alone were worth a visit. Of course, there is the usual suspicion attending plays in which children bear a principal part—a suspicion that the players enjoy the play more heartily than the audience. But at any rate we know that somebody in the building is happy, which, as things are going at the moment, is an unusually agreeable conviction. Mrs. Dearmer has not undertaken an easy task in bringing Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox upon the stage. Animals who talk and hob-nob quite naturally with human beings are not easily presented in solid shape. Mrs. Dearmer's way with Brer Rabbit was best, showing the face of a lively youngster, topped with ears. These animals are distinctly human; and Mr. Fox, with Brer Bar, was out of the picture with his dead head, glassy eyes, and a voice that came from behind a furry mask. By the way, one must not forget to record how well Mr. Hayden Coffin went with the children in this simple production. Mr. Coffin apparently remains obstinately unspoiled by the rubbish usually required of him by the public. His Feste in Mr. Granville Barker's "Twelfth Night" was evidence of this a year or so ago. Now again he emerges, innocent and fresh, from oceans of twaddle, to sing with simplicity and in perfect style pleasant melodies of the plantation—the genuine thing before it had been exploited and degraded to the uses of modern ragtime.

"My Lady's Dress", at the Royalty Theatre, is a hotch-potch of one-act plays by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. They have no unity of interest or idea. They are not cumulative in their effect; and, taken apart, they are hardly less distinguished than the average lever-de-rideau at a West End theatre. One is therefore entitled to ask why Mr. Dennis Eadie, of whom we once had the highest expectations, has been content to sink to the level of a theatrical speculator putting his money on a goose whose eggs have more than once been hall-marked at the box-office. Mr. Eadie has been anxiously watched of late. To go no farther back than "The Pursuit of Pamela", his last three productions have been quite unworthy of the producer of "Thompson", "The Constant Lover", and "The Odd Man

Out". "The Pursuit of Pamela" was nonsense too big for its boots; its successor, a play by Mr. Keating, was nonsense in hard labour. Then follows "My Lady's Dress". What has happened to Mr. Dennis Eadie?

Mr. Knoblauch is a genius in his ability to spoil a good idea. He thought of "Kismet", and spoiled it with language which is an outrage upon the public. Fortunately for Mr. Knoblauch the public was not aware of the outrage; or overlooked it for the sake of a good story and local colour. Then Mr. Knoblauch thought of "The Faun", an idea whose grotesquely inadequate treatment was wrathfully exposed last year in this REVIEW. If "Milestones" is an exception, it simply proves the rule. Mr. Knoblauch thought of "Milestones"; but he handed the idea to Mr. Arnold Bennett. Now Mr. Knoblauch thinks of "My Lady's Dress". In "My Lady's Dress" there is the making of a great idea—how civilisation, from China to Peru, is knit and inter-dependent; and how a whole epic of civilisation may be hidden in the woof of "My Lady's Dress". The idea is not, of course, new or unexplored. Mr. Frank Norris has written an epic of the wheat, a vast story whose unity is preserved by the immense adventure of a product of human industry. It left one with a real sense of the unity of the complicated modern organism. But Mr. Knoblauch has no imaginative grasp, or even sense, of this mighty theme. He takes my lady's dress. It is made of silk. Very well. Let there be a one-act play showing people with silkworms. The silk must be woven. Very well. Let there be another one-act play showing people weaving the silk. The dress must be trimmed. Very well. Let there be three more one-act plays, one showing people who make lace, another showing people who make artificial flowers, another showing people who get fur. The dress must be designed and sold. Very well. Let there be yet more one-act plays showing people who design dresses and sell them. The result is a group of disconnected scenes flung at the audience under a title falsely suggesting that they are a continuous story of my lady's dress.

It is difficult to convey to an incredulous reader how crudely mechanical is this performance of Mr. Knoblauch. His disconnected series of plays is conceived as being dreamed by the lady whose dress is in question. The lady dreams in strictly watertight compartments. There is no link between scene and scene, either of atmosphere or of character. Neither the logic of Mr. Knoblauch's theme nor the subjective logic of his dreamer is suffered to bridge the gaps between Siberia and Whitechapel, Bond Street and a Dutch garden. The several stories of the several scenes are unconnected, even by machinery, and have really nothing to do with my lady's dress. There is no idea, or the faintest suggestion of an idea, which could serve organically to link Mr. Knoblauch's tales as Browning's tales are linked in "Pippa Passes". If Mr. Knoblauch, being less ambitious than I have supposed, intended, not to produce a genuine organic work in a new form, but merely to introduce upon the legitimate stage a counterpart of the snippet literature and amusement of our time, he has well succeeded. But I wonder that Mr. Dennis Eadie, of all men, should encourage him in this.

There are no dramatic characters for discussion. The only motive moving Mr. Knoblauch's people whose force I could really appreciate was the hearty wish of a Siberian woman to get rid of her Siberian husband who talked about freedom in the language of her author. I am not, of course, suggesting that Mr. Knoblauch's people are silly or unaccountable. On the contrary they persistently and reasonably do the right stage things in the right stage way, as only a thoroughly well-made puppet can. To be just to Mr. Knoblauch, I believe that if he had presented his two scenes in Lyons and Whitechapel—the best of the series—as simple plays in one act I should have proclaimed them as above the average, even dropped a decent tear upon their skilfully wrought pathos, and furiously protested against people (as their way is during a lever-de-rideau) buying programmes and walking over my toes during their performance. But I was far too angry with Mr. Knoblauch's mangling

of a great idea, together with his misuse of the interesting dramatic form invented by Browning, to care anything at all for his work in detail.

This applies equally to the acting. I only had patience to observe that Miss Gladys Cooper was quite unlike herself (indeed it redeemed the evening so far as she was concerned) in the Whitechapel scene; and that Mr. Dennis Eadie had very little opportunity for exhibiting his talents as an actor. For him, as for Mr. Edmund Goulding and Mr. Edmund Maurice, the production was little more than rather a cheap advertisement of their versatility.

MAINLY BEETHOVEN.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IF while the crops are yet green a cloud of locusts passes over the land it is said they leave little behind them for later-comers. We have, as in ancient Egypt, in the modern domain of finance and elsewhere these phenomena: the seven years of plenty, when the food is plentiful and edible, when the greenhorns abound ready to be nibbled, and all is devoured by the astute or lucky ones of the earth; and the seven lean years, when the slothful, or slow-witted, or unlucky endure famine, because naught is left unto them. Such a land is musical England also, such the experience of the locusts from abroad. The first swarms found the crops awaiting them. Rival piano manufacturers or importers eagerly paid good, bad, or indifferent alien pianists to give recitals and advertise their instruments. Rival hosts—or hostesses—ravidly sought after violinists and singers of all sorts, provided always they were foreign, to allure guests. Foreign conductors, and even composers, were joyfully acclaimed, each as the greatest of his generation. These years passed. The piano people overdid the game: no audience could be attracted to a recital: recitals ceased to be an advertisement, even for the most deplorable pianos. Inferior singers and fiddlers no longer could be counted on to lure unwilling guests. The foreign composers and conductors still find a few blades to nibble in these dry days, but they are as nothing compared with the succulent herbage of older times.

And behold the marvel! There are more, far more, really good concerts given to-day than ever were given in those older times. Take the period between last Christmas and Easter and compare it with the same period of, say, fifteen years ago: we have Wood's concerts, those of the Symphony orchestra, Holbrooke's, the London Choral Society's, a few admirable piano, voice, or violin recitals—at least a dozen delightful afternoons or evenings in about three months: a thing incredible fifteen years ago. The old locusts did a wholesome, healthy, cleansing work; their immediate successors found the earth stripped bare, and now they nearly all stay away. Animals of only the sturdiest breed can pick up a living, and (to mix metaphors a bit) we can listen in peace to fine music undisturbed by the buzzing of millions of insects. The morning budget of programmes and tickets is no longer an appalling terror: often, indeed, of late I have on opening mine positively chuckled in joyful anticipation. Alas! sometimes the chuckling proved a little premature. Doctors like their own way, and though I am prepared to defy them, they were backed for some weeks by Nature, and I had to forego the pleasure of hearing some of the Wood performances, at least one of Mr. Landon Ronald's, all Mr. Ellis's, and one of Mr. Holbrooke's. But even without these, musical doings have been sufficiently brave, and things perhaps even better are to come. Not much need be said now about the Beethoven festival. It was a curious mixture—unambitious, for Beethoven is a safe draw, yet daring, because a whole week of such familiar music seemed rather more than an ordinary London audience could be expected to stomach; skilfully managed in that the preliminary advertising was well done, yet not skilfully, in that the conductor

advertised was entirely unknown; the programmes, beautifully arranged *on paper*, each showing the composer's development during a certain period of his life, clumsy, since in practice each concert left us with no clear notion of any one aspect of Beethoven's genius. Something very much simpler would have been very much more effective: each programme, so to speak, needed to be passed through a sieve and a lot of irrelevant matter taken out.

However, it is too late either to grumble or to make suggestions. The thing is over and done, and Beethoven's reputation stands unshaken. Of the conductor's the same cannot be said, for Mr. Verbrugghen simply had no reputation. Has he made one? I fear not—not one I envy him. He deliberately measured himself against the most inspired and most expert conductors of this and the last generation. Few indeed of these would have undertaken lightly to direct on five successive days (with one break) such a mass of music, representing so many characteristic sides of one of the most versatile of composers. Mr. Verbrugghen has little real strength; he is sadly wanting in breadth; all the more delicate effects seemed due rather to the knowledge and skill of the orchestra than to any initiative, insight, or technical mastery of his own. In a word, he is not yet a conductor, and whether he will ever become one remains as much to be seen now as when he first mounted to his desk.

A notion has prevailed for many years now that no such venture as this festival should be undertaken unless the entrepreneur's ambition is to "educate" somebody. Well, I daresay some people have still something to learn about Beethoven. But if instruction is the object it would be better attained by half-a-dozen concerts providing purely artistic enjoyment than by any deliberate, cold-blooded scheme for our improvement. Personally, I do not mind being improved. But let a great conductor teach me without meaning to do it, or let great music do its work by soaking into my soul; let a great pianist show me what he understands in Beethoven and I shall not be ashamed to try to see there what he sees—for even Wagner said he never understood the last piano sonatas until he heard Liszt play them. But let us have no educational festivals. I believe the results of this festival will show that the unprofessional public is with me. In music those who are most anxious to teach, without exception are those who have most to learn: readers who have watched the various lecture schemes for the "explanation" of Wagner, or read the explanatory programmes of concerts, or heard any of the many instructive series of "historic" recitals, must long ago have grasped this simple truth.

Still, as a symptom, the Beethoven festival was encouraging. In the fat years for foreign locusts it would have been impossible. When the concert-rate stood as high as 100 per week it would not have been heard of. In these lean years we certainly have heard enough of it. But there is yet something far more important for which we have to thank the locusts who made these years lean. During the fat years the changes were endlessly rung on about half-a-dozen stereotyped programmes. As though stuck to an invisible endless band they came round again and again and again—immutable, ruthless in their dire, killing monotony. A novelty scarcely ever got a hearing. It is in such times as the present that we get a chance of estimating not only our Englishmen, but also such composers as Stravinsky, Scriabin, and Schönberg. Probably few young concert-goers have more than a faint idea of the sameness of the ancient programmes. Richter gave us the unvarying dose of Wagner and Beethoven; the Philharmonic Haydn and Mendelssohn. All the piano dealers insisted on the quality of their instruments being shown by the too-familiar Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt selection; singers and violinists had their dozen favourites. No other choice was permitted; the agents, doing glorious business, would not hear of it. Then came the peace of exhaustion and up started Wood and Newman, offering comparatively fresh things; then came Strauss (who had previously

been unsuccessful—nay, I heard him laughed at and hissed at the Crystal Palace); later Holbrooke and his fellows began to clamour; and, last of all, we have heard the preachers of sheer noise. We are now even promised a symphony compounded of noises, colours and smells. These things may be good, though I think many of them very bad; but they are all a sign of life. When the agents were busiest with their bookings and a piano recital was only a piano advertisement, art was at its deadest. All praise to the hungry creatures from abroad who ate up all that could be got by the practice of stale music and made possible a new ordering of things. I don't think the old order will ever return.

A word must be said about musical prodigies. I prophesy an epidemic of infant conductors. A youngster just turned seven is now directing an orchestra at the Albert Hall. He knows nothing of music, it is proudly announced, yet teaches mature men how to play Beethoven and Wagner! I mean no harm to the poor little fellow when I call him a super-chimpanzee. It is disgraceful that a mere baby should be shown round Europe in this fashion, should at the age of seven be turned into hard cash.

A BUNCH OF DAFFODILS.

THREE is a thing seen at Palermo early in the spring which is vividly recalled long after temples and pictures and statues have grown vague and shadowy. Years afterwards it often flashes on what Wordsworth called the inward eye. One sees again the cramp, narrow by-street, noisome, and so dark that through the intense sheen of the Sicilian afternoon a network of bats flit and zig-zag to and fro till night: and set in this strange, plutonic scene, which the sun shines on at most a few minutes on the brightest day, are the flower baskets and stands, bitten out of the gloom in dabs of white and scarlet and purple and gold—flowers surely, like Sicilian Proserpina's, "let fall from Dis's waggon"! One often sees the same thing, the contrast is wanting, as the place is light and open. Of course, everyone who has been to Rome has seen the flower steps in the Piazza di Spagna—though there the contrast is wanting, as the place is light and open. Nothing one has seen in the South equals the Palermo scene for contrast and compression of flower colour, not even the acres of packed asphodel brimming in blossom and glitter in the Atlas with the mountain of Zaccar in the background; nor the wild cherry in full bloom in the Apennines about Monterosso or Levanto.

Nor is there anything of the kind at home. Yet in London there is at least one street where Proserpina's flowers through half the spring appear in greater variety of form and colour than in a street in Sicily, Naples, or any city in the world—namely, King Street at Covent Garden. Barr's daffodils—we should be able to speak of them with some intimacy since they grow next door! And this season, at the close of April, a bunch of these flowers has really been a thing lovely and refreshing, faintly and curiously perfumed. Such a bunch should hold the "Cygnet", a flower with a trumpet as yellow as the breast of the summer wagtail and with almost pure white perianth that suggests somewhat the proud carriage of a swan's wings. It should hold the "White Lady", a poetica daffodil, from which colour has been almost wholly driven by the cunning of the cultivator; and "Undine", in which the entire flower approaches in whiteness a lily or "The Bride" gladiolus; and "Oriflamme", whose corona is fringed with flame. Then should be "Golden Rose", a double daffodil like our old friend "Orange Phoenix", though wanting the delicious bouquet of that heavy-laden flower. It has been coaxed into quite another form, reduced to a sulphur colour throughout—a daffodil now built like a loose carnation. There is the tiny *Juncifolius*, too, all gold, trumpet and perianth, a miniature flower that looks as if

it should grow among the Alpines; and finally a few have large flowers like "Pharaoh", with the great yellow trumpet and the fine frill that, after all, is the master feature of the daffodil, whether the garden flower or whether the wild one that a month ago was sheeting whole hillsides of Normandy and starring our woods of Hampshire and of Sussex.

THE MESSENGER.

Little bee, whence do you come?
Ten fields away, twenty perhaps,
Have heard your hum.

If you are from the north, you may
Have seen my mother's roof of straw
Upon your way.

If you come from the south, you should
Have passed a little cottage just
Inside the wood.

And should you go back that way, please
Carry a message to the house
Among the trees.

Say—I will wait her at the rock
Beside the stream, this very night,
At eight o'clock.

And ask your queen when you get home
To send my queen the present of
A honey-comb.

JAMES STEPHENS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ULSTER: A CANADIAN'S VIEW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Curry Block, Windsor, Ontario.

13 April 1914.

SIR,—I have for years read with pleasure the many wonderfully written articles appearing from time to time in your REVIEW. Your article in the March number on the Ulster question is especially interesting. I have lived in Canada upwards of half a century and during that time have spent many weeks and days in our neighbour's country, the U.S.A. I mention this merely to say that I have some knowledge of the sentiments of the thinking people of America on the Irish question. I am a Conservative in politics, a firm Protectionist, and would be, if residing in your country, dead against your wretched, ruinous, so-called Liberal Government—a Government that has, in my opinion, lowered Britain in the estimation of the rest of the world, and is driving out thousands of your best people and enriching other countries with wealth that should be kept in your own country. As regards the Ulster question, in my opinion Sir Edward Carson and his followers have made a great mistake in "kicking" before they were hurt. They should have waited until the Bill was passed and the Parliament in working order, and then, if any injustice was done to them, rebellion would be justifiable, and the whole British Protestant people and American sympathisers would have been with them. Now the Ulsterites are fighting the British Parliament, a very ridiculous state of affairs, and the Nationalists are enjoying the spectacle. Our English people have never understood the way to govern the priest-ridden, ignorant, sentimental Irish; whereas the Americans, knowing their weaknesses, could do anything with them politically. Assuming the Bill passed and the House in Session, the Ulsterites would have a fair representation, and with their superior knowledge, as compared with a great number of the purely Irish members, and the knowledge that money will do everything with the ordinary Irish politician, they would have nothing much to fear from adverse legislation. When the Irish are governing themselves and have the governing power they will split up in factions as you know full well—even now there is no love lost between O'Brien and Redmond. The effect on Britain with Ireland a self-governing portion of the Empire would remove the

hatred of the Irish in America against Britain to a very great extent, and it is very necessary that this hatred should be removed. There are hundreds of Irish dynamiters in the U.S. to-day who would play havoc with Britain in the event of the defeat of Home Rule. There is sure to be a clash between the Roman Catholics and Protestants in Ireland, and there will be a row in this country before long between the same parties. The day will come when the power of the priesthood will have to go, as it has to a great extent gone in Europe, and you will find that the Irish Parliament will not be altogether under the thumb of the black-coated rulers. The public schools in America are doing a good work in opening the eyes of some of the Irish, and the priesthood, knowing this, do all they can to keep their adherents out of those schools and stick to the parochial schools.

Home Rule is the best thing for Ireland, and England and Ulster would be more prosperous than ever, and if their rights are not trampled on a better feeling will arise between them and their religious opponents.

Your remarks about the absurd way in which the Home Secretary is treating the women prisoners—Suffragettes—are to the point. A judge in Detroit the other day had a prisoner before him who had adopted the hunger strike, and who would not answer any questions. The judge ordered him back to the cell and said: "We are not going to follow the procedure in vogue in England; take him back and feed him and bring him up again".

Yours truly,

J. TEMPLETON.

INCITING ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The real incitement to the Ulstermen is to be found in the Home Rule Bill. It proposes to impose on the people of Ulster a new form of government, to which the great majority of them are strongly opposed. The Bill was introduced without consulting them and made no provision for ascertaining their wishes or giving the slightest weight to them. Is there any part of the United Kingdom in which the introduction of such a Bill would not incite the people to resist?

But we are told that concessions have now been made that ought to satisfy them. They have not been made. They have been talked about as forming the basis of a bargain, and it is by no means clear that this bargain is still "on offer". But what are these terms? We are willing, says the Government, to give you six years to try whether you can convert the majority of the English people to your cause, and if you fail in that we will impose our new-fangled government on you at the point of the bayonet. In the meantime, however, in any effort that you may make to escape you will encounter our most strenuous opposition. If we can compel you to come in we will do so. We will not let you escape or provide you with any further safeguards if we can possibly help it; and we expect that having met you so fairly and handsomely you will attempt no armed opposition. As to our reasons for forcing you to come in that is our affair. We are ready to prove their validity at any time by a vote of the House of Commons. Such matters cannot be proved otherwise.

Truly yours,

OBSERVER.

"THE UNION OF IRELAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 April 1914.

SIR,—The bitterest enemy of Ireland could hardly wish her worse fortune than the unhappy pass to which she has been brought by the mistakes and want of foresight of politicians—Liberal and Nationalist.

Prevention is better than cure; and prevention, in this case, was not only possible, but imperatively called for. But, like the Nationalist leaders, Ministers have, from the first, misread the writing on the wall.

Two men alone can now save Ireland from all the horrors of civil war: Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond. If they are to go down to history as statesmen and patriots they must now put country before party and "dare do all that may become a man".

Mr. Redmond knows, as every Irishman knows in his heart, that Home Rule without Ulster is impossible, and that the deadly harm done by recent events in Ulster to the cause of a United Ireland can only be repaired by a policy of infinite patience and toleration.

Let him now call a truce and withdraw the present Home Rule Bill. Let him go amongst his people and show to England and to Ulster that Irish Nationalists are loyal and law-abiding citizens, that they honour the King, and are proud of their place in the sun: that agrarian crime is no longer tolerated, and that honest men in Ireland need no longer go in fear of their lives. Let him show that he is not only a great Irishman, but the chosen and trusted leader of the Irish people, and that he has "allured to brighter worlds and led the way".

Then Sir Edward Carson, great Irishman and patriot, will do his part and see that the bogey of religious ascendancy is laid. So Ulster will be won. Ireland will be united. And a United Ireland will be the arbiter of her own destinies.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
AN IRISH UNIONIST.

A SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 April 1914.

SIR,—Following up my letter, for which you kindly found space in your last issue, the question arising out of it—namely, What would be the settlement supposing Liberals and Tories coalesced for the purpose?—is difficult, and its difficulty is possibly the key to the situation.

As matters stand, the Government support the Nationalist idea of Home Rule, and the Opposition support Ulster in desiring to remain under the existing form of government. The Home Rule question is of long standing, and became a political question by reason of distressing economic conditions in Ireland—a condition of things which on all sides is admitted to have been modified during the last twenty, or thirty years. It is therefore probable that in any serious attempt to reach a wise and permanent settlement in Ireland, unhampered by the exigencies of party considerations, revised and reliable data on the state of existing things in Ireland would immediately be felt to be an indispensable preliminary; and for that purpose it seems obvious that the appointment of a strong commission of inquiry would be of necessity granted. If it is granted, a commission of inquiry for the compilation of correct data would be a prime necessity under a projected suspension of party hostilities for the purpose of settlement; but, contended that such a suspension would be impracticable, the case for the commission still holds good, and whether the Nationalists agreed to waive the whole question pending the report of such a commission or not—and they might—it seems clear that Ulster could not withhold her consent to a Bill based upon the findings of a strong commission and confirmed by the whole electorate, providing that in the meantime, in case of the partial application of the present Bill, no further conditions were imposed to exclusion.

Yours faithfully,
G. E. B.

"CAUSTIC SODA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.

27 April 1914.

SIR,—The Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, in his interesting article on The Welsh Church Bill, informs us that "the most contemptuous attack on this protest (from Welsh Nonconformists) came from the lips of that fiery Kelt Sir Alfred Mond." I, however, think that "Caustic Soda" would be a better nickname than "Fiery Kelt" for Sir Alfred Mond, since this gentleman's soda business has been largely responsible for the ruin of the kelp-making industry which at one time flourished on the shores of Ireland and of the Highlands of Scotland. It is, indeed, most interesting to be told that Sir Alfred Mond is a *Kelt*!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE ADMINISTRATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,

28 April 1914

SIR,—Unless certain clauses in the Criminal Justice Administration Bill, now before a Standing Committee, be removed, the Bill deserves to meet with the most vigorous opposition. Consider Clauses 4, 10, 13, 14, and 17. Clause 4 empowers the Court to search a prisoner who refuses to pay a fine, and to take whatever money be found upon him. The power of magistrates to recover fines by distraint is increased. Clause 10 extends a prisoner's liability for the costs of a prosecution to police court cases. Clause 13 provides that a sentence of less than five days' imprisonment may be served in the police cells instead of a prison. Clause 14 empowers magistrates to deal with cases of damage to property up to £20, instead of £5 as at present. Clause 17, Section 6, empowers the Home Secretary to have an operation performed upon a prisoner without his consent.

It will be seen that the passing of these clauses will greatly increase the direct power of the Government over the prisoner. When the prisoner happens to be the political opponent of the Government of the day, as may easily be the case, it is to be feared that this power may be grossly abused. Clauses 4 and 10 appear to be aimed particularly at this class of offender.

Clause 14 abolishes trial by jury in most cases of damage, thereby rendering the conviction of the prisoner almost a certainty. As for Clause 13 everyone with first-hand knowledge of police cells knows them to be entirely unfit for human habitation. They are dark and insanitary, and occasionally verminous. The bedding supplied is usually extremely dirty. Facilities for washing are inadequate or non-existent. The prisoner is absolutely at the mercy of the police, who come in and out of the cell at all hours of the day and night. That any prisoner should not be sure of a moment's privacy is revolting: in the case of women it is an outrage upon decency. Clause 17, if abused, gives the Home Secretary power of life and death over a prisoner.

The Bill passed its second reading almost uncriticised. It is to be hoped that it will not become law before people realise what very serious changes its passage involves.

Yours truly,
BERTHA BREWSTER.

THE PROBLEM OF MILITANCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

59, Holbein House, Sloane Square, S.W.,

12 April 1914.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article published in your paper of 21 March on the problem of Militancy. As a Suffragist I am in entire agreement with the view that the Cat and Mouse Bill has proved as futile as the methods of those it is intended to quell. Militancy will never be efficiently dealt with until a method is evolved of dealing with it financially. If the damage done had to be paid for out of the funds of the Society there would soon be an end of this wholesale destruction of property. It is the power of the wealth they have at their command that makes them fearless; the price of the Rokey Venus would have been a deterrent, and surely the fact that the situation is a comparatively new one is not a sufficient reason why the brains of statesmen should not be able to evolve a method by which political prisoners make good all damage they may do.

I remain, faithfully yours,
L. HENDERSON, N.U.W.S.S.

SWEATED WOMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13, Lower Berkeley Street,
London, W.

29 April 1914.

SIR,—May I venture to hope—in the interest of fair play—that you will find space in your columns for this short letter? Owing to the intemperate and unjustifiable attacks made on the British Federation for the Emancipation of

Sweated Women, and more especially upon its founder, Mr. W. Belcher, I am desirous to say that I am fully convinced, on independent authority which I implicitly trust, that Mr. Belcher's record is that of an honourable man; and that the Federation which he founded, and in which I am deeply interested, is doing splendid and much-needed work, and justly deserves the sympathy and hearty support of all who wish to lighten the heavy burdens borne by the poor sweated women and girl workers of this country. Money is urgently needed to carry on this all-important work, and any sum, large or small, sent to the Secretary, British Federation, 95, New Bond Street, London, W., will be gratefully acknowledged.

Yours faithfully,
ALICE (COUNTESS OF) STRAFFORD.

THE AMERICANS AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
London Institution,
Finsbury Circus, E.C.

SIR,—In spite of President Wilson's amiable make-believe, the United States are in for a very big thing—nothing less than the conquest and absorption of Mexico. It has been inevitable ever since the Panama Canal assumed definite shape. For how could the United States possibly tolerate the existence of a strong independent Republic between themselves and the Canal which was to unite their eastern and western seabords? Indeed, the States may well congratulate themselves that the chaotic condition of affairs in Mexico has given them an opportunity of intervening as the mandatories of civilisation, instead of being forced to invent some less worthy excuse for doing so in the pursuit of their manifest destiny. Northern Mexico, at any rate, will before many years are past be an integral portion of the United States, and United States domination in some form or other will be complete and unquestioned as far southwards as the great Canal; for nothing less than this is possible if the States are to retain their position as one of the great Powers of the world.

And there is more involved in the absorption of Mexico by the United States than we perhaps realise at the moment: for the largely increased southern vote may necessitate important political changes if the control of North America by the Anglo-Saxon race and the maintenance of Anglo-Saxon civilisation are to be assured. But—sufficient unto the day.

Your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

GREAT BRITAIN, GERMANY, AND SOUTH AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Pernambuco, Brazil,
10 April 1914.

SIR,—In your issue of 21 March you publish a letter over the signature of "Quisquis" suggesting a method for removing the deep-seated rivalry between the British and German Empires.

"Quisquis" suggests that "In the vast continent of South America, leaving out the Argentine, with which we have many close connections, there is no reason either from the British or the German point of view against Germany finding both outlet for her population and rapidly increasing markets for her industries".

I take his suggestion to mean by conquest.

"Quisquis" excludes the Argentine from his interesting suggestion because it is a country "with which we have many close connections". Presumably by "close connections" he refers to British capital, so that it would be interesting to know why Brazil and other countries are not excluded under similar conditions, or is "Quisquis" unaware of the immense amount of British capital tied up in Brazil?

The Germans have, it is true, big interests in the South of Brazil, but the size of the district is small when compared with the size of Brazil. No doubt Germany would like to possess Rio Grande do Sul, but I should be sorry for the

German subjects in other parts of Brazil if they made the attempt to take it by force.

Whether the Monroe doctrine is an advantage to Britain may be a matter of doubt, but the suggestion that Britain should refuse to recognise it, so as to enable Germany to take possession of South America, with the exception of the Argentine, is really laughable.

I imagine the sum total of "Quisquis's" knowledge of this vast continent is from an atlas. His proposal only shocks me on account of its absurdity.

I am, etc.,

H. C.

THE FAILURE OF NORMAN ANGELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 April 1914.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the correspondence in your Review between "Rifleman" and Mr. Angell's representative. So far as the public are concerned, it seems to me that Mr. Angell is unfortunate in the officials of his propaganda. For example, in the Manchester district the local Secretary, who talks "Angellism" from an Angell van, is obviously anti-British in all his sentiments. He attacks national service with the bitterness which is usually found in the Byles Press. I have heard him use insulting language against Lord Roberts, while the Empire he regards as a chopping-block for the abuse of a demagogue. This is the Lancashire official of Norman Angellism, the movement which gentlemen like Lord Esher innocently declare "has no unpatriotic tendency".

It seems to me to be unfortunate that doctrines, in which there is undoubtedly a certain substratum of truth, should be degraded by partisan methods, which have given an impression that the movement is a branch of the "Cocoa Tree".

Yours, etc.,
"A TERRITORIAL OFFICER".

GLADSTONE AND A PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton.

SIR,—Lady Blennerhassett, writing in the *Deutsche Rundschau* on Victorian England, relates that "While Gladstone, with his wife and daughter, was spending some days at Munich, I took him to the studio of Lenbach, the well-known German painter. On an easel stood one of his famous Bismarck portraits.

"Gladstone examined it long, then he bent over to me and whispered in my ear, 'I know I ought not to say so, but I think it is the devil'. So long as he lived I made no use of this anything but jesting expression of opinion. Today, when so many examples of Bismarck's antipathy towards Gladstone are extant, there is no reason for any longer keeping silence about it. If Lenbach had known of this he would certainly have refused to paint Gladstone. But he did this, and, in comparison with his masterpieces, inadequately as usual when the psychology of the man whom he painted was closed to him. Whereas in a reception room of the Home Office in Downing Street Gladstone's portrait by Millais is one of the most beautiful, noble and perfect which the nineteenth century has produced."

Yours faithfully,
JAMES BELL.

VILLAGE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Chelsea,

April 1914.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Word Student", "hassock" exists in "Hassocks-Gate", Sussex. In the local dialect it signifies a "grove", or "thick coppice". The derivation is uncertain, but it is identical with O. E. "hassuc" and cognate with the Welsh "hesg", which means coarse grass or sedge. Another form occurs in "tussock".

Hassocks, or tufts of sedge, were formerly taken up, shaped, trimmed and dressed to render the act of kneeling

much easier on the pavement of churches. Such hassocks were to be found (in the original sense) only a few years ago and may still be preserved in Lower Gravenhurst, in Bedfordshire. Addison writes, "To make them kneel he gave every one of them a 'hassock' and a Common Prayer Book". ("Spectator", No. 112.)

The words "thik" or "thikky" are frequently met with in Wiltshire villages, while "mould-warp" and "want", according to Halliwell's Dictionary, are still occasionally used. "Mould-warp" means "earth-thrower". "The mould-warp digs his mossy grave" occurs in "The Queen Wake", Hogg (1813). From remote times to the present day this word has survived as a favourite term of reproach in S.W. Lincolnshire. In Ramsay Reminiscences (1859) we read, "I was married to a mould-warp last, but now I am getting a husband, who can see". "Wants" for mole-hills is another term for holes or "vacancies" caused by moles. In the same sense it may be met with in general literature, as in the sentence "the wants (holes) in the wheels of your watch are as useful to the motion as the nucks", or solid parts. (Baxter Div. Life, 1010.)

Lastly, the word "mortal" is in frequent use hyperbolically or jocularly.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
OSBORNE ALDIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Culls, near Stroud,

26 April 1914.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of "A Word Student" in your columns of last week I may say that my head gardener has used the word "Want" to me in speaking of moles. He has spent all his life in Gloucestershire, and tells me that this word is in common use in the villages round Cheltenham.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
C. F. MEEK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Devizes,

28 April 1914.

SIR,—"A Word Student" asks where "thik" or "thikky" is still used for "this", and whether "mould-warp" and "want" for "mole" have died out, adding that he fancies the latter still obtains in parts of Wiltshire.

Both do, in quite common parlance—except that "thik" means "that" rather than "this", and is frequently, if not commonly, used in connection with "thur" (there)—e.g., "thik thur bull o' Thompson's". And "want" (derived, v. Bailey's Dictionary, A.D. 1731, from *Pando* of *Pentam*, to turn up—i.e., the earth) is used quite as often as mole. But I have never heard "mould-warp" (which seems to have been dying out in Johnson's day, as he speaks of it—or, rather, of mould-warp—as "still retained, though sometimes pronounced mouldy-warp"); though that is no proof of disuse. Abundance of dialect is spoken by villagers, among themselves, that never reaches the school-taught—who are so much the poorer.

Certainly (in reply to "Word Student's" further question) "mortal" (e.g., mortal tired) is constantly used for "very", and I have heard "powerful" used in the same sense—e.g., in the quaint combination "powerful weak"—though not, that I remember, in

WILTSHIRE.

P.S.—May I add a common Wiltshire quatrain about the cuckoo?

Cuckoo comes in April,
Flies about in May,
Sings a song in the middle of June;
And then he flies away.

"ENGLAND" OR "BRITAIN"?
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 April 1914.

SIR,—Can you help a greatly afflicted author? I recently wrote a book dealing with the Empire, and throughout my book I spoke of "England" and "the English," meaning

of course, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, and their inhabitants.

I am now assailed by correspondents who say that I have insulted Scotland by my phraseology and that I should have said "Britain" and "British". But, if I were to do so, would not Irish correspondents equally accuse me of insulting their island, where I happened to be born myself? And if I could bring my pen to write of "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland", should I be safe from irate Manxmen and Channel Islanders? I reply to my correspondents that in usual parlance "England" has two meanings—a restricted meaning of South Britain and an extended meaning of the United Kingdom. Most English writers and all foreigners when they say "England" and "the English" use the terms in their wider meaning, and they are never now used in the narrower meaning except when "England" is opposed to Scotland or Ireland.

There are many such instances of double meanings to one word. America, for instance, means in common parlance either the whole continent or the United States, according to the context. Similarly, "India" may or may not include Burma. "Germany" may include Alsace; and "Austria" may include Bohemia and Hungary or may not.

What is your opinion?

Yours, in trouble,
H.

THE REEK OF TOBACCO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Windlestone, Ferry Hill,

13 April 1914.

SIR,—I have seen it announced that Mr. George Edwardes is going to get, or try to get, a licence to allow his audience to smoke at the Gaiety—low be it spoken, and never may it materialise. Even as things are, after an occasional visit to a music-hall it takes about a month's strict airing to get the reek of cigars out of your clothes; and it is bad and vulgar enough to see the performers themselves—artistes, I believe, they are called—"light up" on the stage.

Let there, I pray, be some place of amusement free from tobacco. I am reminded of Swinburne's remarks when on going into his club he could find no room sacred from tobacco. He said—at least, so the tale is told to me—"I have no use for James I., no respect for his character, no liking for kings. He (James) was a liar, deceitful, mean, and lots of beastly things; but, at all events, he had the grace to cut the throat of that rascal Raleigh, who introduced tobacco into England!" There is, however, one consolation: it must ruin the constitution of the human race, with the ultimate result, let us hope, that it will destroy it altogether. The race is to the strong.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM EDEN.

"CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.,
29 April 1914.

SIR,—While thanking you for the favourable review in your number of April 25th of our recent novel, "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust", by Mr. Humfrey Jordan, we think that, in justice to Mr. Jordan, we should correct your reviewer's impression that he is an American writing of Cambridge "from the outside". Mr. Jordan is not only an Englishman and a graduate of Cambridge, but a resident in Cambridge, and both he and we are prepared to guarantee the accuracy of the picture of Cambridge life contained in his novel.

Yours faithfully,
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

THE " HOLY ALLIANCE".

"The Confederation of Europe." By W. A. Phillips.
Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

LOD CASTLEREAGH is gradually coming to his own. This is the first and strongest impression derived from Mr. Phillips's exhaustive and deeply interesting study of European diplomacy between 1813-1823. For many years the legend prevailed that Lord Castlereagh was a reactionary of the most perverted type; that he was a servile imitator of the methods of Prince Metternich; that he did his best to "tie England to the tail of the Holy Alliance"; and that England was rescued from a humiliating position among the European Powers only by the timely suicide of Castlereagh and the accession to power of George Canning. Mr. C. A. Fyffe, deeply imbued though he was with the Liberal historical tradition, had the sense to perceive and the courage to expose the falsity of this persistent myth thirty years ago, and it survives only in second-rate text-books. But it has been reserved for Mr. Phillips, first in the tenth volume of that over-rated work the "Cambridge Modern History", and again in the volume before us, to inflict upon this doctrine the *coup de grâce*. In this study real justice is done to the greatness of Castlereagh as a diplomatist, and one is able to estimate with some approach to fullness and accuracy the immense influence which he exercised in the councils of Europe. Canning has earned great credit for breaking away from the "Holy Alliance"; but Canning adopted, without modification, the policy bequeathed to him by his predecessor, and acted upon the instructions which Castlereagh had drafted for his own guidance at the Congress of Verona. If Castlereagh's life had been prolonged for three more years much of the fame attaching to Canning in connection with the Greek Question, and—still more—with that of the Spanish Colonies in South America, could not have been withheld from the less fortunate Castlereagh.

All this is brought out by Mr. Phillips with admirable lucidity. Another feature of the book is the full-length portrait of the Czar Alexander. We know of no other English work which analyses the character of the founder of the Holy Alliance with anything like such small minuteness. And it was well worth doing, for Alexander's was a deeply interesting personality. Castlereagh, indeed, questioned his sanity; and the same question can hardly fail to occur to any careful reader of this volume. Autocrat and Jacobin, mystical idealist and calculating diplomatist, master of legions and lover of peace, Alexander presents, both to the moralist and to the historian, a curious and baffling enigma.

To Alexander's darling project of a confederacy of the European nations Mr. Phillips does ample justice. He exposes, indeed, with relentless logical analysis the difficulties and dangers which lurk in any scheme for the erection of an international tribunal designed to conserve the peace of the world. But he perceives, what many historians have failed to understand, that the Holy Alliance was, in its origin, a perfectly genuine attempt, devoid of all sinister or secondary motives, to realise the reign of peace and righteousness on earth. *Corruption optimi pessima*. It was subsequently perverted to serve the reactionary ambitions of Prince Metternich—to do for the policing of Europe what the Carsbad decrees were meant to do for the policing of Germany. Nor does Mr. Phillips disguise from himself and his readers that the danger of such perversion was inherent in the scheme. But it is possible to perceive this and yet do justice to the motives of its author.

Mr. Phillips describes his volume as "a study of the European Alliance, 1813-1823, as an experiment in the international organisation of peace". The title, which is fully justified by the treatment, reveals a purpose which, as the author frankly avows, is not purely historical. Equipped with an historical knowledge of a

period which he knows as well as, or better than, any other living historian, Mr. Phillips has had his eye not only upon the Czar Alexander I., but upon the Czar Nicholas II.; not only upon the Holy Alliance and the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, but upon the Hague Conference and the Hague Tribunal. He is not more sanguine as to the success of the later any more than Castlereagh was as to that of the earlier experiment, but he does justice to the motives which inspired both.

At another point the function of the historian touches that of the publicist. Mr. Phillips devotes an interesting section to the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine. The treatment of this is slight, but it is sufficient to whet the appetite for the enlarged study of the subject for which the preface encourages us to look from the same author.

The whole volume is a notable contribution to the study of a period in the intricacies of which the ordinary reader is apt to lose himself unless accompanied by a guide at once expert and trustworthy. Such a guide he will find in Mr. Phillips, who is at once lucid and scholarly. The work is *bien documentée*, and the scholar who wants chapter and verse will find them in the abundant notes. But the pervading sense of first-hand scholarship is never permitted to interrupt the movement of the narrative. Mr. Phillips has mastered the art of writing scientific history without being either obscure or dull. This is, and is intended to be, no slight praise in this age of un-literary specialisation.

ENGLAND IN LITTLE.

"Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." By W. H. Hutton. Macmillan. 5s. net.

[Published this week.]

WERE it not that Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, this book would be just another of a pleasant and useful series. Messrs. Macmillan's Highways and Byways are excellent books. They are not presented in the garden suburb manner. They are not "picturesque". There is nothing "quaint" about them, or any of that manufactured old-world atmosphere which turns the speculative builder recommending his horrid cottage in Surrey or Hertfordshire into a sort of tenth-rate poet. We imagine Messrs. Macmillan wisely to have reflected that the English country was made to outlast the prettiness of the modern railway advertisement. Mr. W. H. Hutton takes his leisurely and quiet way through the villages, illustrating his talk with neat pictures. They must seem unendurably plain to the lovers of a coloured postcard, but they are very restful and quite in keeping with the author's itinerary.

Naturally Mr. Hutton stays longest in Stratford, boldly declaring: "Say what you will, Stratford is the heart of Warwickshire, even of England, for all who visit it to-day; and the small stream of Avon is the most famous of English rivers". Warwickshire, indeed, is the heart of England in a higher sense than latitude and longitude. Warwickshire is England stripped of ornament and disguise. There are no famous hills or valleys to mark any spot of it as triumphantly eligible for the tourist or sojourner. It is neither very flat nor very unequal; neither very plain nor very pretty; neither wild nor tame; neither rich nor poor; high nor low. It is a pleasant average of English trees and fields. It is the typical county, if there be a typical county in England. To most counties we can give a brief description, marking them off from their neighbours. Some counties are distinguished for their orchards, their fat acres of arable, their downs, or fens, or rivers. But Warwickshire has all these things in little. If it can be given a preference over other counties for one peculiar thing, it is an English thing; for Warwickshire is marked, if marked at all, by its big and ancient trees. But even here we cannot describe Warwickshire as a county of trees and leave it at that. For there is no "forest" of Arden; only the ruins of a forest; a forest now of clearings and small towns. No! Warwickshire is typical; and

any not Czar the Con- san- than ent, th. esches rest- in. et to project the

the com- munity. es at ocu- verse ad- d to lips out ded ary

By

at- her n's are are " " old m- ire rs. sh the on es, just ed

d, he who he, re, an and no as is in ch of if n- off is- e, as ce an ed ve and n; and s

it is right that the poet of England—equally of the green heart of England and of England's cliffs and the envious surge they spurn—should come from this typical county. Shakespeare found in Warwickshire the "dear earth" of England; took seisin; and in his writing days, whimsically conveyed it to Athens and Bohemia, to Italy and France.

Mr. Hutton in Stratford is not the credulous worshipper of relics, doubtfully authentic. He is content to feel that he is upon Shakespeare's ground. He is not greatly distressed by the uncertainty of Shakespeare's having been born upstairs in the eastern portion of the "birthplace". Nor does he grieve that the hopeful tourist standing before "Shakespeare's desk" is unconsciously stretching the long arm of chance to an unreasonable length and wasting his sentiment on a thousand to one chance of being right. On the other hand, Mr. Hutton is not insensitive. He wonders that Sir Walter Scott could barbarously scratch his name upon the walls of Shakespeare's dwelling; and he pillories the "testy personage" who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry and razed Shakespeare's house in New Place, angry at being bothered with inquiries for the mansion of a silly poet. To-day we have only the site of the house, "large, strong, and handsome", and a seedling from the mulberry. In default of brooding between the walls where Shakespeare conceived "The Tempest", we must be content to brood between the walls where he ran wild as a boy. Even this house has survived in the teeth of innumerable accidents which might have destroyed it. It was tenanted for two and a half centuries by people who hadn't the least idea where they were living, and was only recognised as a national possession in 1862. Yet another thirty years passed before the cottage of the Hathaways was secured—the house where obstinate tradition, a tradition as trustworthy as any that touches Shakespeare, tells us that the young poet of "Adonis" came after his wife. If Warwickshire be the heart of England, and Stratford the heart of Warwickshire, surely Shottery is for English people the heart of the world. Not even the trippers nor the American visitors can spoil Shottery. Almost it is proof against Kodak and the Legion of Snappers.

THE EPIC OF ULSTER.

"The Ancient Irish Epic Tale: *Táin Bó Cúalnge.*" Done into English by Joseph Dunn. Nutt. 25s. net.

ALL history, as Renan wrote, begins in romance, and, right as he was, we do not doubt that his remark might with equal truth be reversed. Every twilight myth has surely followed an historic day. It is not our purpose here to discuss the origins of the "Red Branch" cycle of tales, of which the *Táin Bó Cúalnge* is the priceless gem, and still less to attempt to distinguish between its ancient roots and its offshoots. In introducing Professor Dunn's book to those who know little of Gaelic literature it is almost enough to say that this epic tale, for all its obvious exaggerations, is full of the life of a primitive people and even bears certain marks which in default of any other scrap of evidence would prove it to belong to Ireland. Whimsical fancy might even hint that its account of the frustrated plot against Ulster is neither fact nor myth, but plainly prophetic!

Many writers on the *Táin* have declared it to be the Gaelic Iliad, and, allowing for some large differences between Greek and Celtic culture, we may admit the comparison. The story opens somewhat naively with the "pillow-talk" between Ailill, King of Connacht, and his wife, Queen Medb. They dispute as to the value of their respective possessions, and when the matter is put to the proof she is found to be worsted by a single bull of peculiar merit. To restore her to equality with her husband there is nothing for it but to beg, borrow, or steal a like animal. Messengers are sent to arrange for the loan of the Brown Bull of Cúalnge, but their tone is not conciliatory enough for its owner. Medb clearly has the more forceful charac-

ter of the royal pair, for we see her next drawing Ailill and the other Irish Kings into a league whose object is simply to descend on Ulster for a gigantic cattle drive.

Cuchulain is, of course, the hero of the following drama. His countrymen are in the grip of a mysterious sickness which keeps them from taking the field, and he by deeds more marvellous than those of Hercules holds the raiding army in check. The tales of this most wonderful of the Red Branch chieftains are to Ulster what the Fenian stories are to the rest of Ireland. With an almost monotonous regularity Cuchulain, though but seventeen years old, slays all the warriors sent against him, whether they come alone or in batches. Fergus MacRoig, commander of the opposing host, himself an Ultonian, but an exile, is an equally attractive figure. Performing no prodigies, he attracts by a knightly courtesy strange in a tale largely given to a mere chronicle of arms. Although Conchobar has usurped his kingdom, he will hear no evil of him spoken by Ailill, who is of Connacht, and in spite of the wrongs he has endured his heart always seems with Ulster. The sham fight in which he engages with Cuchulain is simply arranged to show the raiders how puny is their strength compared with that of the two northern heroes, who are only unable to vanquish one another.

In its lack of any definite result, as in its naïve beginning and its pastoral interest, this epic tale seems to belong to a rude and uncultured race and age, yet many of its incidents show a subtle imagination. Medb's jealousy of her too efficient Leinster allies brings us at once into a realm of intrigue and high diplomacy, whilst we are constantly brought in face of evidences of a nicely developed code of honour. Here and there it is clearly recognised that the blighting tongue of satire may be more deadly than the sword. Once the Queen's jester is sent to threaten Cuchulain with a lampoon if he will not give up his javelin. When the hero has been wounded through the machinations of the War Goddess, Fergus cries, "Ill, indeed, is this deed in the face of the foe. Let some of ye taunt him, ye men, to the end that he fall not in vain." Directly the venomous Bricriu begins to revile him Cuchulain forgets his hurt and rises to conquer again. The power of the abusive word was as well known in Ancient Ireland as it is to-day, and just as freely employed. By its side we find bombastic threats, exchange of courtesies, and much real magnanimity. "I slay nor charioteers nor horseboys", cries Cuchulain to one of Orlam's retainers, and Mr. Healy's passing pleasantries with Mr. Devlin immediately seem to take a natural place in the combat. The epic of Ulster passes from day through twilight into day again.

ATTIC PROSE.

"Days in Attica." By Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

THE gods have given Mrs. Bosanquet the rose-coloured vision. All she sees she sees with the joy of a large-hearted, appreciative nature that makes every garden an Eden. The naughtiness of her cook and thefts of her majordomo are only sources of amusement, and to her it is a privilege to pass the night in a peasant's cottage and share the primitive habits of her hosts. When such an author sits down to write a book the result must be happy. From the vast store of literature upon Greece only the most pleasing and polished extracts are culled to supplement personal observation, and if there is nothing very new in the re-telling of old history, the reader who visits Gnosos and Thebes, and wanders amongst the ruins of the Acropolis with this book in his hand is saved all effort in conjuring up legendary Homeric heroes, and the rule of Rome, Venice, and the Ottoman Turk. It is where life in modern Athens, and the modern Athenians, are described that the author is at her best.

The ordinary tourist never touches the true Greek mind and nature except as interpreted by the prevailing principle that as his days are short in the land it is meet to make the most of the opportunity to transfer as much as possible of his ready money to Greek pockets for the least acceptable equivalent. Rapacity is, however, not at all the real pervading vice of Greeks, any more than is card-cheating, in which a chosen few have specialised till the term of "Greek" has ignominiously come to be used all over Europe to designate a sharper.

Nothing could be more engaging than the characters of her servants, as given by Mrs. Bosanquet—the capable and omniscient butler, the independent cook, the devoted housemaid, and the casual gardener. They are all distinct types of Greek servants who are difficult to excel provided they have good mistresses, and, of course, the author must be an ideal mistress, especially for unspoiled domestics. Here is a sketch of her gardener.

"Constantine has no sympathies for any sorrows but his own. He goes about his delicious occupation as careworn as a judge. He sighs deeply as I watch him at his work, and hitches his big trousers over his big hips, and draws his belt a hole tighter. At first I feared it was hunger, but now I know it is habit. When he looks particularly gloomy we sometimes question him about his home life—a breach of etiquette, but the sound of those sighs is irresistible! We can never make out that any greater sorrow has befallen him than another addition to his family, but I admit that it happens too frequently. Like all other Greeks, he is a man of resource. Having cherished through the winter a little grass plot that we hoped would turn into an English lawn, there arose the question of a lawn-mower. 'Never mind', said Constantine, 'I will borrow one from a friend'. The lawn was mown successfully through the spring, and it was not until the end of the season that we thought of asking the name of the kind owner. 'It belongs to the Heir!' said Constantine, nonchalantly. 'The Crown Prince! Oh! Constantine!' Constantine looked reproachful, as he answered soothingly, 'What would you have? There is but the one lawn-mower in Athens.'" But if Constantine borrowed his friends' goods for his master's service, he also made free use of theirs for his own. But that is another story, and the "affair of the goat" must be read in the book itself, which may be heartily recommended as an amusing and instructive companion to visitors to Attica.

There are too few travellers who take the trouble to know the people and countries they pass through before writing a book upon them, and fewer still perhaps who have that priceless gift, sympathy, which enables them ever to be prospecting for the gold beneath the sometimes uninviting soil. Any place would be a mine, though, for such a seeker, and Attica has yielded Mrs. Bosanquet a rich vein.

THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"The English People Overseas." Vol. VI. : South Africa. By A. Wyatt Tilby. Constable. London. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. WYATT TILBY'S "South Africa" closes the first part of his admirable "English People Overseas". Mr. Tilby follows a beaten track down to the history of the last twenty years. He has well digested his authorities, and he has very freshly reconstructed a familiar story. "For many weary hours wasted over incredibly stupid writers" it has been his reward, as he modestly claims, to have added to the histories of several Dominions points which our standard historians have overlooked. We like Mr. Tilby's arrangement. His first part bridges 1486 and 1856. Then we have the story of the treks to the foundation of Rhodesia and beyond, with the flag established in Nyasaland and Tanganyika. Christianity and the Empire is Mr. Tilby's third part, and we know no better essay on the tale and position of missionary

endeavour in South Africa. Book IV. of this volume, and XXVI. of his series, carries Mr. Tilby from 1852 to the establishment of the South African Union. Mr. Tilby writes cheerfully of the Union, believing that already "the day for Hertzogism was gone", even when General Hertzog was most active. He conceives of the position of the Dutch and English as a settled one—settled, that is to say, in relation to each other, but not to the blacks. The twentieth century, indeed, rings up the curtain on the new South African drama of colour, complicated with that problem of white labour which may provide many "a part to tear a cat in". Mr. Tilby wisely contents himself with indicating the general conditions, and does not seek to anticipate how these momentous questions will be settled, and this is the more self-denying in Mr. Tilby, since he delivers his historical judgment with a decision which suggests that Mr. Tilby is for one thing enviably young and for another has had no great first-hand and personal knowledge of South Africa. Years and an old intimacy with the sub-continent have diminished in some of us our confident way with things. A reference to Bronkerspruit on page 430 is very typical. Mr. Tilby says: "I have examined the evidence on both sides, and I think the Boers' defence against their accusers holds good". Interesting autobiographically; but we should like to have Mr. Tilby's reasons.

However, there are no serious blemishes, and on the whole Mr. Tilby is sound and serious. Here and there there are lapses. Not Lord Granville, we think, but Lord Derby, was Colonial Secretary when Germany annexed a vast sweep of south-west Africa; and the German attitude in the whole business was propriety itself, blame attaching mainly to the Foreign Office, but in part to Cape Colony, which was frightened of taking on more territory. The Corner House, again, has never held the position at Johannesburg of De Beers at Kimberley. But all these and other small slips do not detract from the value of Mr. Tilby's survey; on the larger issues he is sound. If values and relations are here and there a trifle faulty in his record of the last twenty years the blame is with the authorities rather than with Mr. Tilby. "Admirable!" said one of the greatest of English administrators in South Africa, and one much praised by Mr. Tilby, on glancing at certain pages of the last chapter. "But could the whole Bloemfontein and Kruger episode be more innocently miscoloured?" Certain personal reminiscences lack verisimilitude. Those who have best known the big men and events in South Africa from '94 and Rhodes's Cabinet of all the talents onwards are silent; on the other hand, much that has found its way into print is but picturesque journalism. It is no fault of Mr. Tilby's if some of his authorities are truly not good enough for Mr. Tilby, and call for sober and informed supplementing; but it is a pity.

CICERO REVEALED.

"The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero, with a Revision of the Text, a Commentary, Introductory Essays, and Addenda." By R. Y. Tyrrell and Louis Claude Purser. Vol. III. Second Edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co.; London: Longmans. 12s. [Published this week.]

WHEN two ex-professors put their learned heads together much may be expected. Dr. Tyrrell has of late given to occasional writing the wit and learning which his admirers regard as belonging to classical criticism. Dr. Purser published in 1910 an edition of the "Cupid and Psyche" of Apuleius, which shows his wide knowledge of Latin. In this case, however, no testimonials are needed. The edition of Cicero's letters on which the two scholars were engaged for several years has established their reputation, and might almost have established Cicero's—if that were possible. In the twenty-three years since this volume appeared much criticism and elucidation have accrued, mostly from erudite Germans, and we are grateful for the incorporation of their researches in the revision

before us. Standard works should be kept up to date thus, and this masterly piece of Cicero certainly deserved its admirable equipment, though we confess to preferring Irish taste and discernment to many of the conjectures and guesses of foreign scholarship. The editors, both public orators in their day, have a keen appreciation of the finesse of Cicero, and more than one French rendering neatly hits off the Greek which he insists on quoting—scraps not always apposite, as is remarked. But we can hardly follow the editors in considering aptness in such matters a modern rule. This volume exhibits Cicero as the governor of a large province—an important figure, of course, much more honest than the usual run of governors, subtle in changing his style and outlook for different occasions and correspondents, and at his best pleasingly urbane, if not witty. He is full of little arrangements concerning money and politics. How he loved that task of explanation which others have regarded as the saddest exercise of human faculty! But we leave him "tormented night and day" by a gathering cloud on which a greater man than he was to ride to victory.

The correspondence with the prize moralist Cato is not the least amusing, full of the sonorous polysyllables which indicate a philosophic understanding. But Cato understood too literally Cicero's profession that, if there was a man remotely indifferent to empty praise and public talk, that very man was Cicero. Of course, it is unfair that we should have all these private sidelights on Cicero's character ruthlessly revealed, which, if he was a hero, make the world his valet. But how full of interest the letters are on the life of the cultivated Roman! Those of Cælius, perky in style and a great worry to purists in Latin, are a revelation of one of the oddest spirits of the time, a man who won love from many contemporaries, yet hardly seems to have deserved it. Amongst other things, he wanted panthers to make a good show at Rome! In his letters, and indeed in Cicero's, there are expressions impossible in correct prose. Why not? we ask, and deprecate the perpetual correction and normalisation of the text by industrious Teutons. One of them states an extraordinary rule on p. cxv. which we can confute out of Livy at once. But perhaps we do not understand it. The editors are more sensible, and we accept with pleasure an ingenious conjecture of theirs which is in simple language not exactly paralleled elsewhere in Cicero. This mania for supposing that a phrase must occur more than once may bring scholars a livelihood; otherwise it is less useful. When we hear of political speeches being reported and published for reading, we seem almost in our own times. Among the Appendices is a careful discussion of "The Affair of Scæpius", who attempted to squeeze the Salaminians in Shylock's fashion. Alas! he was the agent of Brutus, that noblest Roman whom some acute critics have already recognised as a bit of a humbug. This young incorruptible, the People's Tribune, was not always busy with public business. He was "eagerly looking out for a profitable investment"; he "thought he saw his way to a pretty stroke of business". We commend the reference to political biographers of to-day, though the details are hardly edifying. We wish that the editors had obelised conjectures in the text, though their own efforts in this way are as good as anybody's; otherwise we have nothing but praise for their excellent work, and ask for more of it in this revised form.

Cicero never lacked words, but the most human part of his writing lacked good editors till the Dublin pair took it in hand. His ghost, still greedy, no doubt, for the proper study of his jokes, ought now to be satisfied.

THE WAR OFFICE.

"The War Office, Past and Present." By Captain Owen Wheeler. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

CAPTAIN WHEELER has made a very readable book out of a somewhat "stodgy" subject; and has shown the sweet impartiality we should expect from an officer and a gentleman in such a sentence as this: "As a matter of historical fact it would not be

difficult to quote a good many cases in which the Army has probably profited a good deal more by 'civilian interference' than it would have done under a purely military dispensation".

Whatever soldiers may think, we shall not run our heads against a brick wall, but will accept the ruling of the Hartington Commission that "the complete responsibility, to Parliament and the Country, of the Secretary of State for the discipline as well as for the administration of the Army must now be accepted as finally established". This was endorsed and acted upon by the Esher Committee which reported in 1904, and in view of our system of parliamentary and party government is the only decision possible. Soldiers naturally prefer the methods of the Indian Government, where the Commander-in-Chief has a seat on the Viceroy's Council, but that "is another story".

Captain Wheeler's book appears at an opportune moment, for if the great British public had any time to spare from the gun-running affair and Cup Ties, it ought to be thinking of the War Office, and wondering what use the Prime Minister is going to make of his opportunities as head of that institution. Sir John French defined not long ago the functions of the military element at the War Office. "It was", he said, "for the Government, for the Cabinet, for the nation to decide what our foreign policy should be, and it was for the sailors and the soldiers to estimate the forces which were required to give effect to that policy". Will Mr. Asquith hearken to the advice of the soldiers at the War Office? He has a grand opportunity now; Sir Edward Grey has had long talks with the French Ministers, and comes back from Paris with an official *communiqué* in his portfolio to the effect that the Powers of the Triple Entente are determined to act together for the maintenance of the balance of power and of peace. Will Mr. Asquith then, as head of the War Office, ask our soldiers there whether our military forces are in a position to carry out the duties which may devolve upon them in maintaining the balance of power?

As to the actual work of the War Office, it was, we think, well defined by the Esher Committee as "the preparation of the military forces of the Crown for war". How has this been carried out of late years? The answer is that, within certain limitations, this work has been performed admirably. Even that censorious triumvirate, the Esher Committee, admitted that during the South African War the equipping and transport to the ports of embarkation of successive units was smoothly carried out; and since those days the organisation of the Regular Army in the United Kingdom, its training for war, and arrangements for its mobilisation have been placed on a most satisfactory basis.

Again, the institution of the Special Reserve as a body of men who accept a distinct liability for oversea service with the Regulars in time of war is excellent in theory, while the organisation of the Territorial Force is theoretically all that could be desired for an efficient force for home defence.

Why, then, it will be asked, should the new Secretary of State for War worry the Army Council with questions as to the fitness of our military forces for their potential duties? The reply is that we referred above to "certain limitations" imposed upon the Army Council. Expressed tersely, it may be said that when Lord Haldane went to the War Office he told his military advisers: "We must make drastic reforms in our Army system; that is evident from the events of the Boer War. Now, go ahead, but remember that you cannot add a penny to the Army Estimates, and you must confine yourself to voluntary and practically unpaid service for home defence."

Going further into detail, it may be noted that the Esher Committee abolished the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army at the War Office. Our opinion is that this was a mistake. Lately the whole question was admirably handled by the military correspondent of the "Morning Post". The Esher Committee combined the posts of First Military Member of the Army Council with that of Chief of the General Staff; in so doing they lost sight of the fact that it is extremely

difficult to find in one man the qualifications required for both these posts, for the First Military Member should be an officer of the highest rank, reputation and prestige in the Service, while the Chief of the General Staff should be more of a debater, competent to deal "in exposition and argument with the dialecticians and lawyers who swarm on such bodies as the Committee of Imperial Defence".

We cannot help thinking that had the Duke of Connaught or Lord Roberts or Lord Kitchener been at the War Office last month we should never have heard of the Ulster plot, nor would the nation have been deprived, at a critical period, of the services of so fine a soldier as Sir John French.

Going still further into details, we find that the Esher Committee particularly urged "that the rule of sending back officers to active employment for one year after four years should be enforced throughout the Military Staff of the War Office". It would be a good thing if some Member of Parliament with an enquiring turn of mind would frame some questions with a view to finding out whether this rule has been strictly enforced, or whether the game of "General Post" is not sometimes played at the War Office.

There is one game which certainly used to be popular at the War Office; the Esher Committee referred to it as "the practice of indiscriminate minute writing", and an officer with personal knowledge of the War Office wrote a very amusing skit about it some five years ago. This tale is called "The Disbanding of the Guava Rifles"; and it describes how a letter to the Quartermaster-General's Department complaining about musketry badges issued to a West India Regiment started a correspondence which involved the writing of some fifty "Minutes", lasted over a year, engaged the attention of the Quartermaster-General, the Adjutant-General and the Secretary of State for War, and terminated in the disbandment of the battalion concerned.

Malpractices of this kind die hard, and the writer of the story referred to reminds us in a note that "the War Office has ever been a conservative institution".

Captain Wheeler's book is well put together; it covers the whole ground of its subject and has many interesting illustrations. Anyone who has any Pharisaical tendencies will be delighted to compare the days when the mistress of the Commander-in-Chief was able to procure a Commission in the Army for her footman with the present arrangements under which an officer on full pay cannot look up a friend at the War Office without a written permit from his commanding officer, and even then he can get no interview unless on a requisition form signed by the visitor and filed in the War Office. It may be stated confidently that there is no more jobbery in the Army than there is in any civilian trade, business or profession.

We have said that, under our present system of party government, the civilian element as represented by the Secretary of State for War must be supreme. But if we take the detached standpoint of Macaulay's New Zealander, we are faced with the question: If the War Office exists for "the preparation of the military forces of the Crown for war", why has Lord Roberts been banished from it, the Duke of Connaught and Lord Kitchener excluded, and Sir John French obliged to shake off its dust from his boots?

NOVELS.

"The House in Demetrius Road." By J. D. Beresford. Heinemann. 6s.

[Published this week.]

THE excellence of Mr. J. D. Beresford's work may be judged by its aftertaste. It lingers. He gains his results by an elaborate process of careful construction, the cumulative effect of which is remarkable. His art conceals art, for the reader hardly realises at the time the vivid effect that is being produced on him. So well-knit and skilfully dovetailed are the details of the story that the reader can only disregard them at his peril. It is not until the end that the full significance

of Mr. Beresford's methods reveals itself. "The House in Demetrius Road" is a story with a threefold interest. It is a powerful study of drunkenness in its effect upon a somewhat unusual and masterful personality. It has a strong love interest, and over all is the mysterious influence of the house in which all the events narrated in the story take place. Mr. Beresford is peculiarly alive to that strange atmosphere which clings to the house. Every house has its own—some subtle effluence not to be accounted for by the bricks and mortar whereof it is made. Created no doubt largely by the characters and dispositions of the inhabitants, the things done there, it must be supposed, leave some indelible impression which the sensitive vaguely realise. Rooms become influenced by the people who have lived in them, and give their impression to other people. In Mr. Beresford's story we are aware from the first that there is something strange, almost sinister, in the house of Robin Greg. Martin Bond comes there blithely enough in the opening chapters, and all in the way of business to help Robin Greg to write a book on Socialism. Strangely disturbed though he is by the house, it is not until later that he realises how much his life and destiny are to be influenced by its inmates. It is some time before he understands that the peculiar influences he feels at work are the secret drunkenness of Robin Greg and the presence in this uncongenial atmosphere of Margaret, Robin's sister-in-law, whom he comes to love. It is a house divided against itself, and Martin, when he learns the truth, hating it all, stays on for Margaret's sake. The book is for those who love the quieter forms of literature, whose interests are aroused not by stirring and exciting episodes but by the interplay of human character. To such this novel will make its inevitable appeal.

"The Adventuress." By George Willoughby. Goschen. 2s. net.

[Published this week.]

The new edition of Mr. Willoughby's short stories is welcome. Fitly enough, the volume comes in the yellow paper cover familiar on the French novel; for, though the author probably owes something both to Mr. Hardy and to Mr. Wells, his touch is not wholly English. He is steeped in the traditions of Maupassant, but his work seldom appears artificial. Some of it is finely imaginative and some the result of sharp observation. The cynical and almost brutal manner of two or three of the tales affronts us, particularly when reading them again after a lapse of a year; yet they have a redeeming quality of wonder. Mr. Willoughby accepts nothing as obvious, and he finds irony in incidents which would merely seem disgusting examples of ill-luck to the fully equipped man of the world. It is true that he does his best to assume an impassive mask when treating an emotional subject, but he is ingenuous at heart, and has the grace to be surprised at the perversities of fate and even of women. There is room for complaint that he takes an excessive interest in himself; yet the frank egotism is no more than the mark of an inexperienced writer, and need give no doubt as to his future. In his one long novel Mr. Willoughby scarcely rose above the average, and up till now his best work is in "The Adventuress". The book has two stories, "Savoir Faire" and "Life Wins", both of which show that he has his enlightening moments of genius, so it is impossible to resist annoyance when he fails to reach the same level. The standard he has set himself is, however, high, and his collection is remarkable in achievement and in promise.

"Blind Man's Buff." By Jacques Futrelle. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

This light novel is the book for a hammock or a railway train. The hero is the ideal hero, though American. He wears a pale blue shirt on the cover-design and has a fine, firm jaw, and he can knock a French gendarme out at the first blow of "that mighty arm" from Passaic, New Jersey. Edna, the heroine, is also flawless and immutable. Her hands are of the

whitest, and intertwine and cling, her lips are very red and her eyes blue and perplexing, and too much for "the straight-staring" eyes of the hero. The one bounty is that he is not a lord nor a millionaire, though he does say "I guess", and surely bubbles of dollars in his very sleep. He has come over from Passaic, where he is employed in a bank, to track one W. Mandeville Clarke down in Paris, who has absconded with a package of United States Bonds of great value from the vaults of the bank. But the dire vengeance in his heart is averted by Edna, the miscreant's daughter, and how he tricks the French police—"the funny little fly-cops of Paris", as he calls them affectionately—and how we are led to assume that an iced wedding-cake and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" are near and joyous possibilities, must be left to that portion of the reading-public which can still enjoy a detective and mystery story of this somewhat improbable type.

"Maid of the Mist." By John Oxenham. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

The desert island and the Robinson Crusoe idea have appealed to innumerable story tellers. Mr. John Oxenham is the latest to find inspiration in the theme. Off the coast of Nova Scotia is a deserted, dangerous obstacle to navigation known as Sable Island, otherwise "The Sailor's Grave". For some years it has been diminishing in size, and in course of time will probably be submerged. On the treacherous sands of this island, of which Mr. Oxenham gives, in quite the proper style, a map and a chart, a Doctor Wulfrey and his mate Macro (there must always be a Friday!) are shipwrecked. They contrive to live on the island in safety, finding fish, wild rabbits and vegetation, supplemented by such spoils as they can pick up from the dead vessels that have been wrecked on the coast. Romance comes in the shape of a lovely woman whose apparently dead body is rescued by Macro and resuscitated by the skill of the doctor. Love comes to them, they plight their troth, and after five blissful years on the island, during which they are blessed with a son and a daughter, they are taken back to civilisation in a passing ship. It is all pretty, and told with a zest and spirit that keep the reader's interest.

"James." By W. Dane Bank. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

This is a novel of the "get on or get out" type. In it we are invited to follow, presumably with admiration, the devious devices by which one of our modern climbers "gets there". We suppose that it is inevitable in these days of worship of material success that novelists should seize with avidity upon the subject of the "hustler" making money. But we have had almost a surfeit of this sort of thing, from Mr. Arnold Bennett, who gave us in "The Card" and its sequel a realistic study of what is undoubtedly a characteristic type, and Mr. W. J. Locke, who in "The Fortunate Youth" managed to introduce into the handling of a somewhat similar character a certain amount of idealism and spirituality that redeemed it, to a score of minor writers who succeed only in realising its sordidness. "James" is a diluted version of "The Card", but Mr. Dane Bank does not possess Mr. Arnold Bennett's humour or spacious way of handling things. His "James" is a thoroughly unpleasant person, and it is hard to feel any sympathy with him. As schoolboy, office-boy, vendor of a hair-restorer or shady financier he is alike unpleasant in his methods and in his manners, and although we are invited to believe that he was really fine in his love-making, we find difficulty in believing it, and think that the author allotted to him a girl much too good for him.

"Conscience Money." By Sidney Warwick. Greening. 6s.

Everything that the most exacting lover of melodramatic fiction could possibly demand will be found within the covers of this book. Battle, murder and

sudden death, robbery with and without violence, bloody finger-prints, abduction and the capture of a criminal by aeroplane. The story is a succession of thrills. And the characters are all up to standard type—only more so.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Penn's Country." By E. S. Roscoe. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

If we wish to "see Shelley plain" we should take the little rocking tub of a steamer at Spezzia, cross the great harbour, and rounding the southern point, come suddenly in full view of the old castle at Lerici and the many coloured clustered San Terenzo with Cassi Magni seen clearly almost the instant the village comes in sight. That whole place is somehow steeped in Shelley as no place in England is and as no place in Italy. But if we cannot go to San Terenzo in search of Shelley we can perhaps seek him in no likelier spot than Marlow and the river there; and in that case Mr. Roscoe's great and well-written book had better be slipped into the pocket before the excursion is made. Mr. Roscoe sets out in the main intent no doubt on William Penn and Jordans, but he strays to the Shelley district, to the house—still standing and little altered, it seems—where Peacock and Hogg and William Godwin and Jane Clairmont and poor Claire came often; and he writes with restraint and true feeling (feeling that never gushes) of that charmed circle. Milton and John Hampden, some of the most famous Russells of Chenies, Burke and Gray, too, had homes and haunts in this beautiful bit of England, which years ago the writer of this notice often stayed in, tarrying now at Chalfont St. Peters, now by Marlow, and now at Chenies or Chalfont St. Giles or Stoke Poges. It is the land of so many famous men, but no doubt the author is right on the whole in styling it Penn's country, for Jordans is in a way a kind of Mecca to a great society, to a faith, and as he says, the village that bears the Quaker's name strikes "the historic sense" in one directly it is seen. Mr. Roscoe has done his delightful task uncommonly well. As a rule we find literary place books tedious—they are so obviously book-making, and they so seldom have the spontaneity of Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets"; but this one is quite an exception, for it is fresh and natural, and clearly it is the outcome of enthusiasm. It has recalled to us happy rambles years ago in a happy land.

"The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy." By Clarence Valentine Boyer. Routledge. 6s.

This is an interesting, though confessedly an incomplete, study. Its object is to discover how we can be made to accept and sympathise with a villain as the protagonist of a play. It is a paradox of the theatre that we often love a villain and rejoice in him. If he is resourceful, dexterous, wittily sardonic and vital we follow his exploits with an ardent interest which frequently comes very near affection. Who can fail to be sorry when Marlowe's Barabbas falls into the cauldron, or when Shakespeare's Richard Crookback is slain? The villain appeals to an atavistic lawlessness in ourselves before there was yet a decalogue. Mr. Boyer tells us it is necessary, if the villain is to raise in us the highest tragic pleasure, that he must have great qualities and that there must be a great internal struggle between the good and the evil in his character. The villain becomes then a figure of awe and mystery. This does not take us far. There are tragic heights where the moral scale is as out of place as a grocer's counter. The awfulness of Macbeth is not the awfulness of a mere issue between good and bad; but the awfulness of great passions loosed.

"William James." By Howard V. Knox. Constable. 1s. net.

This is a member of Messrs. Constable's "Philosophies, Ancient and Modern." Mr. Knox presents the kernel of James's philosophy as far as possible in James's own language. It is an excellent start for readers of James who intend to take him seriously later on; and an excellent refreshment for the memory of his constant readers. Mr. Knox admires his philosopher without reserve, rightly exclaiming against the school which distrusted him simply because he wrote brilliantly in the simple language of plain sense. To be simple and clear, vivid in phrase and imaginative in illustration, is to be suspect. Originality of expression requires a lot of living down in the learned academies. We well remember James himself at Oxford—the polite distrust with which his starchier contemporaries received him. But Young Oxford crowded his lecture rooms and openly mocked at the categories whereby their instructors sought to quench their fiery admiration for this prophet who talked with the authority of a perfect style and a brain that explored its way into the mysteries with so engaging and companionable an air. Their learned masters who could not write a sentence upon philosophy without calling in aid some barbarous Greek or German word, had them to bite the air, retiring into a just contempt for a man so "merely popular" as James.

"The Emancipation of Englishwomen." By W. Lyon Blease. Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.

This book never sinks to the intolerable silliness of most emancipation literature. It is a well-argued case for the prosecution against the male—argued frankly by an advocate who, though he keeps his head and his temper, does not pretend to be a judge. The book, indeed, is an excellent prescription for the Willoughby Patterne that lurks in most bosoms of the noble creature. Its worst fault is to be sentimental; and the worst one can say of it is that it leaves one cold and unconvinced. Are we really to attribute to specifically male egoism and injustice all the degradation that can befall the most unfortunate of women? Or does not man's inhumanity to man, or rather man's inhumanity to woman, include a spice of woman's inhumanity to herself? The author of this book thinks it shameful that men should thrust out women into the streets and despise them; and builds an eloquent chapter on this shameful tale. But we have yet to learn that a woman's charity to the "fallen" is conspicuous. Society—as it exists to-day—is not man-made. If modern society is a crime, as most "emancipation" writers seem to suggest, woman is at any rate an accomplice. It is not reasonable to talk of every improvement in social conditions during the last fifty years as if it were a grudging concession from reluctant males to insistent females. What the author of this book describes as the "emancipation of Englishwomen" is an improvement in social law and social conduct of Englishmen and Englishwomen acting within their reasonable spheres and limits.

"Winchester." By Gordon Home. A. and C. Black. 1s. net.

All who know the Hampshire cathedral city which was England's capital will be glad to meet this sketch book. It is the latest addition to a series which already includes Oxford, Cambridge, Rochester, and other beautiful and famous towns. Consisting of twenty-four drawings in black and white, by Mr. Gordon Home, it gives a fairly complete view of Winchester. One or two of those which show the interior of the Cathedral seem a trifle heavy, but the rest are charming, particularly one of the nave, and two which show the College cloisters and the Close gate.

"A Modern Mystic's Way." By W. Scott Palmer. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

This is a new edition of a little book by one of the authors of the life of Michael Fairless. As in the majority of works touching the mystic way, we find the writer's thoughts falling easily into three divisions. First, there are the visions whose beauty is too obvious to admit question; next, there are those which to the general reader must seem unintelligible even when their reality as personal experiences is most evident; lastly, are those which, rightly or wrongly, give an impression of theatrical effect. Nobody can miss the point in the story of St. Francis and the birds, but we are not in the least moved by hearing of a being from Paradise in an "opal-glimmering dress". It might be diamond or pearl or ruby, and we should still say that a mistake had been made. Words are cheap in describing these things, and the picturesque word is usually the cheapest of all. "A Modern Mystic's Way" does, however, contain less of this kind of thing than many of its kindred books. The author usually writes with some delicacy of feeling.

"The Doges of Venice." By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

For several reasons Venetian history is particularly interesting to English readers. As with ourselves, the greatness of the nation depended largely on the command of the sea, and the years of conflict with the Turk have their parallel in our long struggles with France and Holland. Mrs. Richardson, indeed, has concerned herself chiefly with the personal factor in the rise and fall of the Adriatic Republic, and her record of the Doges is full of interesting character sketches and picturesque incident. We would have welcomed a somewhat fuller account of the working of the constitution in the eighteenth century for the sake of comparison with our own Whig monarchy, but this, perhaps, lies outside the plan of the book. The last chapter gives a striking picture of magnificent decadence suddenly crumbling to dust when Bonaparte tells the delegates he will be "an Attila to the State". According to our different dispositions we shall find different morals in the downfall of Venice, but for the moment the author induces to think rather of the many centuries of romantic greatness when the Doges wood and won the sea. Tragic love stories and abominable intrigues have, of course, their place in the chronicles of the republic. Students of Italian history, however serious they be, cannot get away from these things. Bianca Capello, wilful and wicked, controls the relations between the Signory and Tuscany, and then, too, there

are the piteous tales of Marino Faliero and of the two Foscari, celebrated by Byron. Mrs. Richardson's book is extremely interesting to the general reader, even if it does not show much sign of deep and original research.

"Human Quintessence." By Sigurd Ibsen. Translated by M. H. Janson. Palmer. 5s. net.

"Away from Nature" is the recurring note in this book. Dr. Ibsen, politician, diplomat, and philosopher, is every bit as critical of the world as was his father, the dramatist. Divorced from any sympathy with things as they are, he begins in a somewhat querulous spirit, and only ends in optimism when he has left the realities of the present far behind him. Since he finds in Nature "a striking lack of plan and economy, of right and of justice", he can see no use in attempting to develop what seems inherently vicious. His aim is nothing less than complete reconstruction, by which shall be introduced that "balance, symmetry, conformity to law" which man constantly employs in his works of art. This reasoning leads him easily to an essay on politics, and in this field he is concerned with the strange fact that the statesman seldom or never stands far ahead of the general public. "In art, in science, in techniques", he writes, "one can scarcely imagine the possibility of a similar condition. Things would be in a bad way if those activities had progressed no further than the footsteps of a layman." We doubt whether in all this there is anything that has not been said and thought before, but Dr. Ibsen gives by his eloquence a new force to the old arguments. His essay on "Great Men", with which he concludes the book, does, however, win him consideration as an original thinker, and it can be read with interest even by those who have grown sceptical of the Scandinavian prophets.

Everyman's Library. Dent. 1s. each.

Another batch of volumes at a shilling has issued from *Everyman's Library*, including "The Oxford Reformers", by Frederic Seehofer, Froude's "Disraeli", Colley Cibber's "Apology", and a well-selected "Anthology of Prose". We are glad to see Cibber's "Apology" issuing in this form. Cibber is unjustly renowned as a mere dunce, whereas he was a very lively and intelligent person, great in his own day, and worthy of a high place in our literary affections. Unfortunately, he wrote bad verse, which was Pope's only justification for putting him in the pillory of time.

"Ocean Trade and Shipping." By Douglas Owen. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

This is a really valuable work, both for naval officers and for any others who are in any way concerned with the issue treated on. As lecturer to the Naval War College the author is peculiarly fitted for his self-imposed task of bringing together into one volume everything in any way connected with the *guerre de course*. Of late we have had a surfeit of works designed to prove that only "the grand battle" matters, and that the belligerent who bothers about the enemy's commerce instead of concentrating on his "fleet in being" is making for his own destruction. This may be so, but none the less an enemy to whom it is obvious that grand battle must be disastrous, never has been and never will be deterred from making himself as unpleasant as possible on side issues. In the old days the privateer was frequently a pirate in all but name. To-day, however, he is bound and manacled by international law. If he offends that law, all kinds of unpleasant things may occur to him, provided that the stronger power knows sufficiently the legal limitations of his enemy. And since the officers of the stronger navy would gladly treat the troublesome commerce-destroyer as a pirate, if only it were possible, they cannot be too well supplied with the necessary legal lore to enable them to do so should the enemy trip. It is not so claimed by the author; but this book is, in effect, a *vade mecum* as to quite legal ways and means whereby a pirate may be discovered under the skin of the privateer. For example, a privateer capturing a ship with mails on board and neglecting to forward them on the first opportunity makes herself a species of legal outlaw, and can apparently be made an example of without having any legitimate grievance. Scores of such little known pitfalls exist for the gay privateer. And since a prime duty of the British Navy in case of war will be to protect our oversea trade, the better informed it is on how to do so most effectively the better for all concerned—except the enemy.

"The Cambridge Naval and Military Essays." General Editors, Julian S. Corbett and H. J. Edwards. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

This collection of miscellaneous papers is intended to assist naval and military folk to understand each other. The idea is excellent; but it is not successfully carried out. From Colomb onwards many have pointed out to us the pitfalls of combined operations without offering solutions to the problem. Of this book it may be said that it wastes little or no time in indicating pitfalls, but goes no further than any predecessor. Of itself every article in the haphazard collection before us is worth reading. The naval section group will be of general interest to

all naval officers, the military section to army officers. But so far as a mutual "War Esperanto" is concerned only the naval paper of Lieut. Dewar (late R.N.) and the military paper of Lieut.-Col. Maurice are likely to create the remotest interest in "the other party". A haphazard series of papers utterly unconnected is by the nature of things incapable of being really serviceable to either army or navy, so far as mutual comprehension is concerned. The only way in which to achieve that end would be to take a campaign and present it from the opposite standpoints. This is just what, as author of one paper, Mr. Julian Corbett advocates. But it is also just what, as editor, he does not do.

"Crockford's Clerical Directory" (Horace Cox, 41) has no rival, and of course is indispensable. This, the 46th issue, contains a wise and balanced account of the main points in the Kikuyu controversy, and it presses for vigorous opposition to the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

The Principles of Greek Art (Percy Gardner). Macmillan. 10s. net. Pictures of 1914. "Pall Mall Gazette." 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Berry Papers: Being the Correspondence Hitherto Unpublished of Mary and Agnes Berry, 1763-1852 (Lewis Melville). Lane. 20s. net.

Thirty Years in Moukden, 1883-1913: Being the Experiences and Recollections of Dugald Christie, C.M.G. (Edited by His Wife). Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865 (George Haven Putnam). Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

My First Years as a Frenchwoman (Mary King Waddington). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Chignett Street (B. Paul Neuman). Smith, Elder. 6s. The Woman's Way (Charles Garvice). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. The Iron Passport (Maxime S. Shottland). Hammond. 6s. Waiting (Gerald O'Donovan). Macmillan. 6s.

La Danseuse (Maxime Formont). Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50. The Price of Delusion (Sir William Magnay, Bt.). Stanley Paul. 6s. Conscience Money (Sidney Warwick). Greening. 6s.

The House in Demetrius Road (J. D. Beresford). Heinemann. 6s. 2010 (The Author of "The Adventures of John Johns"). Werner Laurie. 6s.

The Adventures of Mr. Wellaby Johnson (Oliver Booth). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1s. net.

Rung Ho! (Talbot Mundy). Cassell. 6s.

The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande (G. P. Baker). Mills and Boon. 6s.

Bedesman 4 (Mary J. H. Skrine). Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.

The Beloved Premier (H. Maxwell); Desmond O'Connor (George H. Jessop). Long. 6s. each.

Snake and Sword (Percival Christopher Wren). Longmans. 6s.

Blake's Burden (Harold Bindloss). Ward, Lock. 6s.

Dr. Ivor's Wife (Mary Kernahan); Leentas (E. J. C. Stevens). Allen. 6s. each.

Quinneys' (Horace Annesley Vachell). Murray. 6s.

The Lost Tribes (George A. Birmingham). Smith, Elder. 6s.

HISTORY.

The Passing of the Great Reform Bill (J. R. M. Butler). Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

English Church Life: From the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement (J. Wickham Legg). Longmans. 12s. 6d. net. Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity (Narendra Nath Law), Vol. I.; The Fundamental Unity of India: From Hindu Sources (Radhakumud Mookerji). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net each.

London Survivals: A Record of the Old Buildings and Associations of the City (P. H. Ditchfield). Methuen. 10s. 6d. net. The Hermits and Anchorites of England (Rotha Mary Clay). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

LAW.

Trial of John Alexander Dickman (Edited by S. O. Rowan-Hamilton). Hodge. 5s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Field-Studies of Some Rarer British Birds (John Walpole-Bond). Witherby. 7s. 6d. net.

Flowering Plants of the Riviera (H. Stuart Thompson). Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

The English Year—Spring (W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett). Jack. 10s. 6d. net.

British Flowering Plants (Mrs. Henry Perrin and Professor Boulger). Vol. II. Quaritch. £12 12s. net per set of 4 vols.

Birds in the Calendar (F. G. Aflalo). Secker. 3s. 6d. net.

RÉPRINTS.

The Dream of Gerontius, and other Poems (John Henry Newman). 1s. 6d. net; Lorna Doone (R. D. Blackmore). 1s. net. Oxford University Press.

The Case of Oscar Slater (Arthur Conan Doyle). Hodder and Stoughton. 6d. net.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh (Maarten Maartens). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

Southwell's Triumphs over Death (Edited by John William Trotman). Herder. 1s. net.

The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero (Robert Yelverton Tyrrell and Louis Claude Purser). Vol. III. Longmans. 12s.

Macmillan's Theological Library.—Conversations with Christ (Bernard Lucas); The Divine Library of the Old Testament (The Very Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D.); Christian Character (J. R. Illingworth); The Kingdom of God (William Temple); True Words for Brave Men (Charles Kingsley); The Christian Ecclesia (F. J. A. Hort, D.D.). Macmillan. 1s. net each.

The Music of the Bible (John Stainer). Novello.

One of Us: A Novel in Verse (Gilbert Frankau). Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophy of William James (Howard V. Knox). Constable. 1s. net.

The Great Problems (Bernardino Varisco). Allen. 10s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo (Reginald Davey Cooper). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

The Amazing Argentine: A New Land of Enterprise (John Foster Fraser). Cassell. 6s.

Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country (W. H. Hutton). Macmillan. 5s. net.

Russia, with Teheran, Port Arthur, and Peking: Handbook for Travellers (Karl Baedeker). Fisher Unwin. 18s. net.

Turkish Memories (Sidney Whitman). Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Poems and Legends (Charles Stratford Catty). Smith, Elder. 5s. net.

Cubist Poems (Max Weber); Elfin Chants and Railway Rhythms (Edmund Vale). Elkin Mathews. 1s. net each.

Lady Hilda, Abbess and Saint: Dramatic Poem (H. Mary Dale). Whitby: Horne.

Will o' the Wisp and the Wandering Voice (Thomas Bouch). Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.

The Lord's Mother: Saint Luke's Quest. A Dramatic Poem (A. Boyd Scott). Constable. 5s. net.

Poems (Rita Francis Mosscockle). 5s. net; Florentine Vignettes (Wilfrid Thesiger). 2s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews.

From Far Lands: Poems of North and South ("Gervais Gage"). Macmillan. 5s.

The Plays of St. John Hankin:—The Charity that Began at Home; The Cassilis Engagement; The Return of the Prodigal. Secker. 2s. net each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertising and Progress (E. S. Hole and John Hart). "Review of Reviews." 5s. net.

Charles Dickens. Extra Number of "The Bookman". Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

Civil War and Party Lawyers. "Farm and Home." 2d.

Clay and Fire (Layton Crippen). Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.

Clock that Had no Hands, The, and Nineteen other Essays about Advertising (Herbert Kaufman). Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.

Co-Education in Practice (J. H. Badley). Cambridge: Heffer. 1s. net.

Eight Years in Germany (I. A. R. Wylie). Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

Future of Musicians, The; A Plea for Organisation (Emil Krall). Bell. 1s. net.

Gods of India, The (The Rev. E. Osborn Martin). 4s. 6d. net; The People of Armenia (Archag Tchobanian). 1s. 6d. net.

Dent.

Odd Yarns of English Lakeland (William T. Palmer). Skeffington. 2s. 6d. net.

People's Books, The.—Bacteriology (W. E. Carnegie Dickson); Anglo-Catholicism (A. E. Manning Foster); Robert Louis Stevenson (Rosaline Masson); Canada (Ford Fairford); Tolstoy (L. Winstanley); Greek Literature (H. J. W. Tillyard). Jack. 6d. net each.

Producers versus Parasites: or, the British Workman's Burden. The St. Catherine Press. 6d. net.

Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge, The (Joseph McCabe). 2s. net; The Religion of a Naturalist (Heber A. Longman). 1s. net; The Life Pilgrimage of Moncure D. Conway (John M. Robertson, M.P.). 9d. net. Watts.

Some Oxford Libraries (Strickland Gibson). Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy, The (Clarence Valentine Boyer). Routledge.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.—Bedrock, 2s. 6d. net; The Irish Review, 6d. net; The Bodleian Quarterly Record, 6d. net; The Good European, 3d.; The Modern Language Review, 4s. net.; The Socialist Review, 6d. net; Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MAY.—Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net; The British Review, 1s. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; The World's Work, 1s. net; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The Musical Times, 3d.; Harper's Magazine, 1s.; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols	75½	74½
Day-to-day Loans	3%	1½%
3 Months' Bank Bills.	2½%	2½%
Jan. 29, 1914.	April 17, 1913.	
Bank Rate	3 per cent.	4½ per cent.
General Settlement, May 14.		
Consols Settlement, May 6.		

PERSISTENT liquidation and falling quotations not infrequently end in the serious financial embarrassment of some member or other of the Stock Exchange, but the failure of an old-established and generally popular member in the Foreign Bond market during the week came as a very unpleasant shock to the House. The collapse of the firm emphasised the extent of recent liquidation of foreign bonds by Continental and other houses.

The House, as a whole, had a distinct leaning to the "bear" side during the earlier part of the week, and later, when the failure was announced, dealers naturally became suspicious of the presence of other weak positions which might be revealed before the week-end.

The persistent fall of stocks has no doubt undermined many accounts which were previously sound, but we believe that many dealers were able to "even" their books to some extent before the settlement, and so far only one additional failure, and that of an unimportant character, has been announced.

The feeling of distrust has to some extent been dispelled since the settlement by the more hopeful outlook in regard to Ulster, and the readiness with which these political points are accepted in the Stock Exchange make it obvious that professionals would gladly welcome the opening of a "bull" campaign. On the other hand it must be remembered that no stable confidence can be assured until the Government has shown a sincere disposition to leave the Ulster question entirely to the decision of public opinion.

As far as the Money market and its influence upon the Stock Exchange is concerned, no serious importance should be attached to the scramble for money which occurred in Lombard Street during the week. Many banks called in money for monthly balance-sheet purposes, and in addition large amounts were required by the Stock Exchange for the carry-over, so that the sharp advance in loan rates may be regarded as transitory.

The stock markets may rely upon a favourable money factor for some time to come, and the financial position has been materially strengthened by the report that all Chilean balances will shortly be transferred from Germany to London. Until quite recently the amount of Chilean credit held by Germany was £7,000,000, and it is probable that the whole of this amount will be held by London before the end of the year. The operation is evidently intended to facilitate the drawing of Chilean bills in sterling, against credits, in London.

Dearer money may have been the cause of restricting new issue flotations during the week, but promoters are chiefly held up by the lack of public confidence in the Stock Exchange, and further activity in existing securities will have to be witnessed before issuing houses can be expected to offer fresh stock. Apart from the request of the Stocel Enamelled Tile and Iron Co. for £51,000, there have been no demands upon fresh capital; but Sir J. L. Hulett and Sons are about to create new shares to the extent of £150,000, of which £100,000 will be immediately offered to the public.

Investment funds have not been influenced to any extent by monetary considerations, but have fluctuated with the varying reports concerning Ulster and Mexico. On Wednesday, when the Irish question assumed its brighter outlook, there was no dearth of "bear cover-

(Continued on page 582.)

The Times

in an article on Modern Life Assurance stated that

"THE IDEAL SYSTEM"

"would be one which based life" "assurance on as nearly as possible" "bed-rock rates and allowed, in the" "case of Mutual Associations, some" "periodical sharing in the profits which" "incidentally accrued."

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ing" operations. In addition, many of the big investment houses extended substantial support, and Consols advanced to 75½, after having been depressed to 74½. Partly owing to the fact that the House was closed yesterday, Consols and other leading investment securities receded from the best points, but the undertone was distinctly hopeful concerning next week's operations.

The carry-over in the Home Railway department disclosed the existence of a moderate "bear" account, and providing that the political situation is more favourable next week this should attract speculative dealings to stocks of the active lines. Many of the leading quotations experienced heavy falls early in the week, when politics and market failures obsessed the House; but most of this depreciation has since been recovered, South-Western Deferred being up to 35½, Metropolitan to 41½, Dover "A" to 50½, and Great Northern Deferred to 52½.

A good deal of "bear covering" was recorded in the American department, following upon the reported improvement in the Mexican situation, but dealings are almost entirely confined to professional operators, who are on the spot to take immediate advantage of the rapidly fluctuating quotations. Union Pacifics at 156½ and Steel Common at 59½ have been among the best markets of the week. The pronounced weakness of Canadian Pacifics was due to the decision upon the railway freight-rate question, and the market is of the opinion that Canadian securities may experience prolonged depression in consequence. Canadian Pacific shares recovered to 196, which is still about two points under the recent making-up price. The share capital of the Canadian Northern Railway and its subsidiaries, which totals £29,000,000, is to be reduced by £9,000,000, and of the remaining £20,000,000 the Government has arranged to take £8,000,000, including the £1,400,000 transferred at the time of the subsidy grant. Canadian Northern 5 per cent. Income Debentures have advanced 6 points to 86.

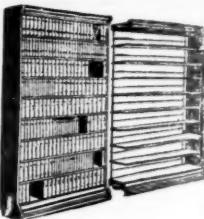
Mexican and other Foreign Rails responded to the improved position in Mexico, but it would be safe to say that the bulk of operations in Mexican Railways was of the "bear covering" class, few operators having the courage to open new "bull" accounts after the recent Mexican Railway dividend incident. The Ordinary stock has recovered to 31½, the First Prefs. to 100½, and the Second Prefs. to 61. Other Foreign Rails are proportionately higher, but Cordoba Central stocks may depress on the news that the damage to the maize crops in the company's zone, caused by the recent floods, is estimated at 10 per cent.

Foreign Bonds were marked down on the announcement of the failure of the important firm of jobbers in that department, but, when it became evident that the financial difficulty would not immediately extend to other firms, prices revived. Peru Prefs. recovered to 38½, Japan 1899's to 76½, and Chilean Five Per Cent.'s advanced to 96 on the arrangement of Chilean finance referred to above.

Early in the week a report came into circulation to the effect that a prominent broker was involved in difficulties concerning operations in Russo-Asiatics, and those shares experienced a sharp relapse to 7½. The settlement passed and no difficulty appeared, however, and active "bear covering" and speculative purchases sent the quotation to 9½ again. Kirkland Lakes have been a prominent feature at 3½, and the majority of prominent South African shares are steady at the making-up level.

Oil shares have been subject to profit-taking and are generally weaker, Anglo-Egyptian "B" being especially weak at 13½ on the cable stating that there is a large percentage of water in Well No. 13, which has been producing so freely of late.

Industrial shares have been irregular, but among Bank shares Yokohama Specie Bank shares received attention in view of the favourable half-yearly report just issued by the directors. Rubber shares have been quiet and steady.



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Preacher,
The LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

ANNUAL MEETINGS

in QUEEN'S HALL, Langham Place, W., on Thursday afternoon and evening next, 7th May:—

At 3. Chairman, **The LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY**

At 7.30. Chairman, **H.H. The DUKE OF YORK.**

NO TICKETS REQUIRED.

Every friend and supporter of the Church Army is earnestly requested to be present. GIFTS for announcement at the Meetings will be most gratefully received, cheques being crossed "Barclays A/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

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LORD ROSEBERY.

SPEECH AT EDINBURGH.

A Great Scottish Society.

PRESIDING at the one hundredth annual court of the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society, held at Edinburgh on Friday, 24th ult., the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T. (President of the Society), said:—The mighty oak of the Scottish Widows' Fund sprang from a small acorn; and, indeed, among the straighter sect of our Presbyterian brethren, it was not long ago considered sinful to insure. Surely we are liable to enough sins without manufacturing any superfluous additions to them; but now the sin is all the other way. If there be a sin in the matter, it is not with those who insure, but with those who do not. Let me for a moment diverge from that train of thought to point out what is probably known to all of you, that we owe a great deal of gratitude to the Equitable Society, which was founded some 50 years before, and is still flourishing. Not the least of our debts to that society, I suspect, is the advent of our new general manager, who has been provided by the Equitable Society. This body first established successful system of mutual assurance on which ours was modelled; but it showed no jealousy, but a friendly interest. This William Morgan may almost be reckoned among our ancestors, and certainly as one of our chief benefactors; and with his name we are bound to reckon—as the bidding prayer of the English Church says—David Wardlaw and Patrick Cockburn as chief benefactors and founders. They held a meeting on 25 March 1812, which really laid the foundation of this society, though its origin and beginning was formally fixed for 1 January 1815. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his excellent history of our society, says that the real natal day was 29 July 1814, and, to make the confusion worse confounded, we are celebrating it on 24 April.

THE FUND'S BEGINNING.

We began with a list of names as illustrious as any list in Homer; nevertheless, our founders had great difficulty in raising the most trifling sum for preliminary expenses. However, this difficulty was surmounted, and the company issued its first policy of insurance on 10 October 1814. The next epoch to be commemorated is that on which we had our first investment of funds—£1,037—invested in February 1816. This was a small nucleus, but has grown in 99 years to 21½ millions. The real commencement of prosperity appears to have been the declaration of the large bonus in 1825 and 1826. The premium income had risen to £17,500 a year, representing insurances to the amount of £493,000. From this time our history is one of unbroken prosperity, and is therefore devoid of any features of interest. Monotonous is the record of unbroken well being; and long may our annals be distinguished by that agreeable platitude. In 1832, it is also to be noted, we crossed the Border. We ceased to be a purely Scottish society, and annexed the Southern Kingdom of England. We come, then, along an ascending slope to the present position, when we are the largest mutual insurance company in the United Kingdom.

GLOWING FIGURES.

You will find our position recorded in glowing figures on the paper before you. Prosperous as our past years have been, last year was a record; and, indeed, for the last five years our business has grown up in a manner which really ought to be appreciated in a speech on this occasion. The fresh business in 1909 was over £2,000,000; in 1910 it was just under £2,400,000; in 1911 it was just over £2,400,000; in 1912 it was just over £2,500,000; and in 1913 the public, determined to commemorate our centenary in a practical manner, did business to the extent of well over £3,000,000, the number of new policies being over 5,700. Well, you really must pity your Chairman on this occasion, on having to try and make these figures better than they are—they speak so for themselves. And we must observe this, that, whereas last year we transacted a larger body of new business than in any year since our foundation, we were also able to stand the strain on our capital at a time of remarkable commercial depression, when all the great banks and companies like ourselves are occupied, with tearful eyes, in writing down their capital values. In spite of this strain the results of the quinquennial valuation have enabled the directors once more to declare the same high rate of bonus. We owe a debt of gratitude to our officials for such results, and, in this connection, I would wish to record the name of Mr. Gunn, who was our manager, and who has passed from us, so deeply lamented.

MILLIONS BRING HAPPINESS.

Well, now, gentlemen, the figures are indeed stupendous, and the point at which we have arrived seems almost incredible. Looking at the heart of the matter, we may say that these large figures represent an even greater mass of well-being and happiness. Millions do not always bring happiness; but your millions do. It would be pleasing if we could know the sum of comfort and prosperity, fruitful prudence and assured futures which these millions represent. How many marriages have you made possible; how many declining years have you soothed with the reflection that death will not mean poverty to the survivors; how much manly thrift have you fostered? All this is beyond computation. Were I addressing an ordinary meeting of shareholders that reflection would savour of cant; but here I am declaring no dividend. I am not asking you to believe that, in making large profits, you are benefiting the human race. The only benefit which you can be said to have rendered to mankind at large is the example of so practical and profitable business as insurance in the Scottish Widows'. The society is conferring untold benefits on its policy-holders and has conferred similar benefits on those who have taken out policies during its century of work. Just look at the figures of the past! In the last century you paid out twenty-eight millions and three-quarters in sums assured. But what seems to me even more remarkable is that in the same term you have paid over twelve and a-half millions in additional bonuses to the insured. What profit we have made has gone entirely to our policy-holders, as all future profits will go. That is the immense and palpable benefit of the mutual system. It is like the quality of mercy—it is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that takes.

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THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

WHEN quinquennial results have to be compared with those obtained in a seven-year period, and allowance has also to be made for the effects of Stock Exchange depression, some difficulty is experienced in arriving at the actual facts. Nevertheless, the Scottish Provident accounts enable one to state that the prosperity of the institution was fully maintained during the recent quinquennium. At the previous investigation, made as at 31 December, 1908, the actuarial calculations showed that a profit of £1,457,597 had arisen during the septennium, but of this £300,000 was required for depreciation, £160,000 being written off investments and £140,000 transferred to an investment reserve fund. As £354,970 had been brought forward, there was a total surplus of £1,812,567, and this amount was allocated as follows: paid as intermediate bonus, £89,708; reserved for accumulation and future division, £305,915; for division £1,116,944. Against this we have the following results for the 1909-13 term: total surplus, £1,609,988; profit earned, £1,304,073. Of the former amount £853,887 has now been declared to be divisible, further appropriations being £51,897 for intermediate bonuses, already paid; £100,000 to write down the value of investments; £300,000 to the investment reserve fund, and £304,204 to be carried forward.

Brief examination of these figures shows that an approximate average annual profit of £208,228 was obtained in the 1902-8 septennium, and one of £260,814 in the succeeding quinquennium; also that the average amount, including interim bonuses, divided in respect of each year was £172,365 in the one term and £181,157 in the other term. In the case of the second comparison the difference between the average yearly amount distributed was comparatively small, but this seems to have arisen from investment troubles, a somewhat larger sum being required to establish the finances on a thoroughly sound foundation at the close of the period.

It is probable that the brief calculations we have made will have to be modified in some respects when the valuation statement to the Board of Trade can be compared with the one which appears in the 1910 "Blue-Book", but they are sufficiently accurate to prove that the management of the Scottish Provident has remained most successful, notwithstanding the difficulties which have had to be faced. Rather larger bonuses have, as a matter of fact, just been declared. In the case of the common fund (whole life assurances) the apportionments are on the same scale as five years ago, but the holders of endowment assurance policies taken out before 1909 will receive six years' bonuses instead of the five they were expecting. At the 1909 investigation the allotments were made in respect of each assurance year completed, but under Article 29 of the constitution power is given the directors to allocate surplus in accordance with the number of annual premiums paid, and this method of distribution—the most usual—has now been adopted.

The cost of the additional year's bonus will be considerable, but the money required for the purpose—about £21,000—can be spared, owing to the great prosperity of the section. Between 1908 and 1913 the amount of the endowment assurance special fund increased from £110,484 to £450,753, but meanwhile the surplus expanded from £22,299 to £89,274, or in much the same proportion. When this occurs bonuses can generally be increased, unless special provision has to be made in respect of anticipated future depreciation. In this case there was no such necessity. Most of the investments made in connection with the special fund had been at low prices, and there was clearly no obligation to retain a large sum for contingencies. It would probably have been quite safe to have divided the £4,204 which was carried forward.

This section of the Institution's business—now by far the most progressive—has made excellent headway from the first, and it may confidently be anticipated

that the handsome "compound" bonus of 35s. per cent. per annum which is now being paid will be exceeded on future occasions. With respect to the "common fund", it is, however, less easy to take a sanguine view. When the number of policies entitled to participate in profits is found to have decreased from 19,852 to 18,851 during the five years, the inevitable conclusion is that the Scottish Provident's original scheme has lost some of its popularity. It is not likely, all the same, that the rates of bonus now declared will ever have to be diminished. In recent years large sums have been written off, and there is an investment reserve fund of £300,000, which more than covered the depreciation shown on 31 December last. Compared with five years ago, the condition of the business has manifestly improved. About one-quarter per cent. more is being earned in the way of interest, and the mortality experience has remained as favourable as in the past. The one apparently unfavourable feature is a gradual rise in the expense ratio, which was 13·8 per cent. last year, against 12·8 per cent. in 1908. This rise can, however, be disregarded, because it has mainly arisen from the constant increase in the number of paid-up policies. More than one-fourth of the business is now free of premiums, and provision for all expenditure in connection with these assurances is made in the valuation.

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SANTA MARIA OIL FIELDS.

The annual general meeting of the Santa Maria Oil Fields of California, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. E. Seaborn Marks (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: Taking everything into account the directors are well satisfied with the showing made. The appropriation of the balance of profits—namely, £12,351 4s. 3d.—to the credit of the profit and loss account we propose to deal with as follows, namely:—By creating a reserve of £10,000 by writing down the value of our oil on hand, and from the balance we propose to write down preliminary expenses, etc., by £2,000 and carry forward the balance. The condition of the John R. Ott Contracting Company was such that it was carrying on a large business without any capital, being financed by the Santa Maria Company, with the result that at the end of the year we found the large item of £54,316 13s. 8d., which is due to the Santa Maria Company from the Ott Company. The position I had to face in looking into this company's affairs was as to whether it was advisable to carry on the business for a protracted period on borrowed capital, or whether it would be more in the interests of the Santa Maria Company that the Ott Company should be made to stand on its own feet, with its own working capital, irrespective of the Santa Maria Company. After carefully going into this matter with the local Board, the latter course was decided upon, whereupon I suggested the formation of the Roadamite Paving Supply Company, into which the Ott Company was merged. The Roadamite Paving Supply Company has a capital of £400,000, divided into 1,000 Eight per Cent. Non-Participating Preference shares of £100 each and 3,000 Ordinary shares of £100 each. The Ordinary shares are entitled to all profits after 8 per cent. has been paid on the Preference shares, which latter have not been, and will not at present be, issued. The Roadamite Company has purchased the whole of the assets and liabilities of the Ott Company by the allotment to the latter of 2,750 Ordinary shares, the net result of this deal being that, out of the 2,750 Ordinary shares, the Ott Company retains 250, which, at par, are equivalent to £25,000, or the original issued capital of the Ott Company; 2,500 shares go from the Ott Company to the Santa Maria Company in liquidation of its advances to the former. There remain 250 Ordinary shares in the treasury of the Roadamite Company. The Roadamite Company now sets out on its career with working capital provided, which will be of the utmost value to it in carrying on its business, while, on the other hand, the Santa Maria Company, which owned originally 8 per cent. of the Ott Company, will now participate in over 8 per cent. of the profits of the Roadamite Company. The most important announcement that I have to make is in connection with the Shaw Ranch Oil Company. Developments have taken place on that property which are of the greatest value and importance, and I feel confident that I am not being optimistic when I tell you that, in my opinion, and more especially in the opinion of those who are more capable of judging, our Shaw Ranch holding alone justifies the capitalisation of the Santa Maria Company. Every acre of the 1,000 acres the Shaw Ranch Oil Company owns I have no hesitation in saying will be productive, and the well easily and cheaply exploited, which ensures a very long life to the property. We have drilled our first well to a depth of approximately 3,000 ft. In the course of drilling we passed through four oil sands before we finally struck at about 2,800 ft. the big productive sand reported about the 15th of this month. Our advices to date are that the well was blowing about 3,000,000 ft. of gas per day, and had thrown the oil over the top of the derrick, which is 106 ft. high, before it was capped. The gas and oil were examined, and are reported in the former case to contain a valuable percentage of petrol; the gas alone, therefore, when the petrol is extracted, apart from its use for lighting and fuel, will bring in an appreciable income. The Santa Maria Valley Railroad, which we are valuing on our books at £10,000 only, is in excellent working order. The results of working since we took over the line until the end of the year—that is, from August to December last—show a clear net profit of £2,203 8s. 1d., which, taking into account that there was little or nothing hauled during the last two months, is a very satisfactory result. I trust from the statement I have made that you will realise that we are making progress and that our position is satisfactory. I will ask you to remember that our enterprise is young, and that we have to proceed slowly, and, I hope, surely. I can give you my assurance that we can increase our heavy oil production at any moment we like to such an amount that the demand may require and you need not take account of the rise and fall of the production from month to month, as it does not materially affect our position. Our aim is to maintain a production of about 1,000 barrels of heavy oil per day for the time being. The prospects for the earnings from the railroad are this year exceedingly good, and having on the Shaw Ranch struck light oil, which will be quickly and readily turned into money, there is every possibility that the present year will prove a good and prosperous one.

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GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA.

The ordinary general half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Alfred W. Smithers presiding.

The Chairman said that the gross receipts, amounting to £4,768,916, showed an increase over the corresponding period of 1912 of £156,158. The working expenses, including taxes, amounted to £3,560,157, an increase over the corresponding period of 1912 of £225,475. The capital expenditure during the half-year had amounted to £2,092,815, of which £1,911,698 was on account of new rolling stock. The working of the Canada Atlantic Railway showed an increased debit of £25,000, while on the other hand the working of the Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railway showed an improvement of £30,000. The net result of the working for the half-year was that, after meeting the increased interest charges and the cost of increased wages and material, they were still able to recommend the same dividends as in the corresponding period of 1912, and to carry forward a balance of £16,700. They were the only railway company in Canada, and he believed on the American Continent, which made up its accounts half-yearly and held half-yearly meetings. The making up of their accounts half-yearly had always, to some extent, been unsatisfactory, and had entailed a great deal of unnecessary work. A resolution would therefore be submitted approving an Act entitled "The Grand Trunk Act, 1914," to bring them into line in that respect with the British, Canadian and American railways. They would, of course, follow the practice of all other railways, and declare whatever dividends the earnings permitted at the end of the first half-year, as interim dividend, so that the shareholders would be in exactly the same position as to receiving their dividend each half-year as at present. The Act also gave power to raise further capital in respect of the Four per Cent. Debenture stock to an extent not to exceed £2,500,000. The other Act mentioned in the report was the "Grand Trunk and Canada Atlantic Amalgamation Act, 1914." At the last meeting he told the proprietors that it was their intention to apply to Parliament for an Act to enable them to carry out that amalgamation. The Canada Atlantic Railway had a local line, but it would now become an important through line between Montreal, via Ottawa, Scotia Junction and North Bay, with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the North-West. For several years past they had been compelled to spend extra money out of revenue owing to the line having exhausted its capital powers. By amalgamation they would be able to provide the necessary capital on the best terms possible to carry out the necessary improvements required for what they felt confident would be an increase in through traffic to the North-West. The next important matter he had to bring to their notice was the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. In October last he stated that there was a gap of 20 miles to be completed on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains to join up the main line between Winnipeg and Prince Rupert. On the 7th April the line was joined up at the Nechako River crossing, 375 miles east of Prince Rupert and 1,371 miles west of Winnipeg, thus making a continuous line from Winnipeg through the Rocky Mountains to Prince Rupert, on the Pacific Coast, of 1,796 miles. He hoped that early next year a service of passenger and freight traffic would be established. The new line would open up a new and extensive area of rich prairie land, and would serve by branch lines the fertile district of the Peace River. It would bring the fertile valleys of British Columbia, the large areas of timber, and the unexplored mineral resources of the province within practicable distance of the world's markets. The next great event in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to which they were anxiously looking forward was the linking up next September of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with the line built by the Government and known as the National Trans-Continental Railway. That would give through communication via Cochrane and North Bay with the whole of the old Grand Trunk system in Eastern Canada. All the big cities and manufacturers of the East would be brought into direct communication for the first time over the Grand Trunk Railway, National Trans-Continental Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and the Pacific Coast. Hitherto the published earnings of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had been derived from only local traffic on the prairies and the traffic during the months when navigation was open to the head of Lake Superior, at Port William. It would be realised, consequently, how much the traffic had been curtailed during the winter months, and, further, they had had little or no traffic from the East to the West, which was a high-class traffic, consisting, as it did, of machinery, agricultural implements, furniture, and all kinds of manufactured articles. In September they ought to begin to feel the benefit of the connection between the old line and the new. He had to admit that it seemed a poor reward for all their sacrifices that, almost on the day when the line was connected up, the Railway Commission of Canada should issue an order lowering some of the rates charged in the North-West. Every possible step was being taken to protect the interest of the shareholders, but the subject was more complicated than appeared to be the case.

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